

# The Sketch



No. 596.—Vol. XLVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1904.

SIXPENCE.

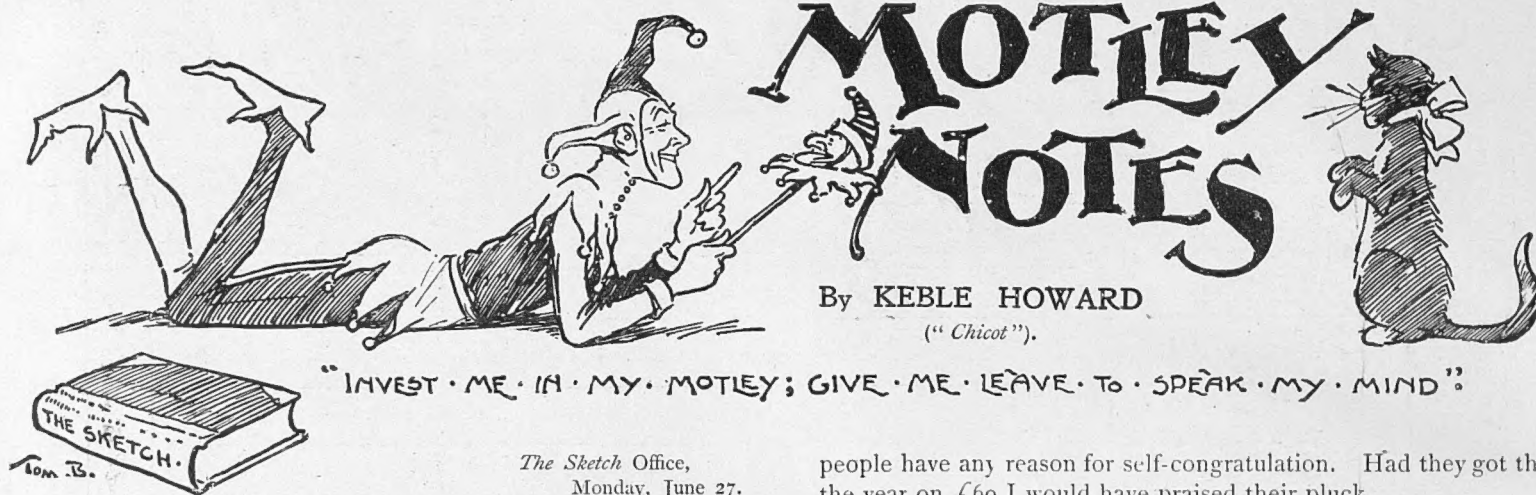


LADY HARMSWORTH,

WIFE OF SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH, BART., FOUNDER AND PRINCIPAL OWNER OF THE "DAILY MAIL" AND MANY OTHER JOURNALS.

*From the Crayon Drawing by Ellis Roberts.*





The Sketch Office,  
Monday, June 27.

SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH, of course, was the favourite topic of conversation in Clubland last Friday. He has rather a way, you know, of being a favourite topic of conversation. When *Answers* first came out, I remember, we used to have heated discussions at school over the rival merits of *Answers* and *Til-Bits*. For once in a way, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race took second place as a legitimate excuse for personal remarks and cunningly-directed blows. Then came the *Daily Mail*, and fierce were the battles that raged around that tiny sheet in railway-carriages, clubs, and other places where argumentative men do congregate. The women were much more sensible about it. "What a dear little paper!" they exclaimed, and forthwith proceeded to read it regularly. A brief lull, and suddenly we were in the midst of the Magazine War, the journal of contention being the *Harmsworth Magazine*. Quite recently, again, the country was all excitement to see the first copy of the *Daily Mirror*, and on Friday we reached the culminating point of the first stage in this romantic history. I say the first stage advisedly, for I feel convinced that the career of Alfred Harmsworth is only just beginning. As a shrewd observer of men and matters said to me last Friday, "That young fellow has made a capital start."

Of all the hardly-used people in the world of letters, surely the one most entitled to sympathy is Miss Florence Warden. Miss Warden, it seems, has written no less than twenty plays, all of which have been rejected by every manager to whom they were submitted. I am not making this statement, mind you, on my own responsibility. Not for one moment would I ask you to believe that any human being could be so desperately dogged. No; it is on Miss Warden's own authority that I am able to place the astounding facts before you, for she herself told the pitiful story in the *Daily Mail*, and put her celebrated signature thereto. Nor does the hardship end with the mere rejection of the plays. With each manuscript that was returned from a theatre there came an enthusiastic note from the manager, assuring Miss Warden that her work showed every possible qualification for success—"power, directness, brilliant dialogue, complete knowledge of the stage, brightness, the quality of being amusing, good 'curtains,' ingenuity of construction, originality charm." Small wonder that Miss Warden was encouraged to persevere; small wonder that she is at last beginning to get disgusted with the whole business. If I were Miss Warden, I would stop writing plays altogether. The theatrical managers might be sorry then, the horrid wretches.

"Can two cultured people live on £100 a year?" Such is the riddle propounded by a writer in the current number of *T. P.'s Weekly*, who then proceeds to answer the question in the affirmative by telling the story of two cultured people who did it. They were, she admits, young, and they had no children. That was fortunate, especially since the *raison d'être* of the article depends upon the "two" even more than upon the "cultured." They took a workman's cottage in the country, and paid £9 per annum for rent. The sum was not large, and yet I know of workmen's cottages that may be hired at less than half that amount. They burnt six tons of coal during the year, and prided themselves on their economy. Far be it from me to carp, and yet I would suggest that these two cultured people might have saved money by using oil, both for cooking and heating purposes, instead of coal. A near neighbour called them in the morning, to whom they paid £5 during the course of the year for lighting their kitchen-fire, bringing them up hot water, and preparing their breakfast. Sybarites! And they spent, during this reckless period, no less than £15 on clothes. I am sorry, but I cannot admit that these two cultured

people have any reason for self-congratulation. Had they got through the year on £60 I would have praised their pluck.

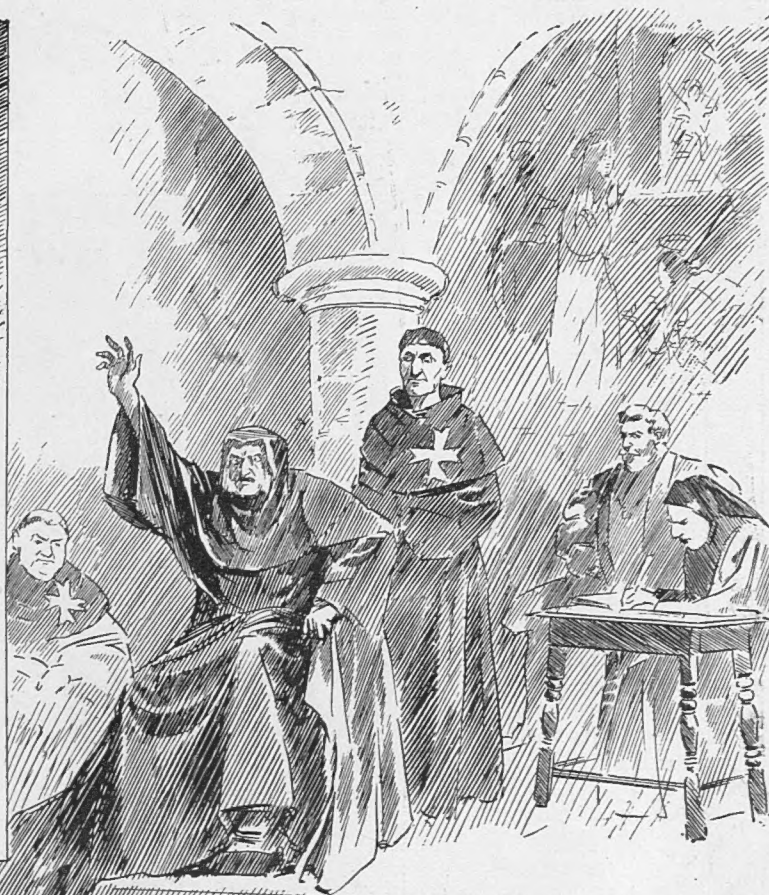
"Sigma," that mysterious one, writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to protest against "the abominable and mediæval form of death by hanging." Not that "Sigma" objects, you understand, to capital punishment in itself. Indeed, he alludes to a murderer as a human dog no longer wanted on the earth. All that he desires is to see that murderer removed from the possibility of committing further crimes in a sufficiently tempting and idyllic manner. "I would provide," says he, "a pleasant little lethal chamber, bright and sunny. Ventilation only would be rather limited" (You wag, "Sigma"!), "whilst at will a plentiful supply of carbonic-acid gas would be at hand under pressure ready to displace the air." In parenthesis, I have styled the *Pall Mall's* correspondent a wag. I fear me, however, that he wrote his letter in dead earnest. (Pardon the phrase.) He is evidently so lacking in imagination as to be unaware that it is not the death itself, still less the form of death, that makes capital punishment so horrible, so gruesome a custom. It is rather the grim inevitableness, "Sigma"; the sure knowledge that one's veins, so full of warm, rich blood, will soon be dried up; that one has looked on the faces of one's friends, one's dear ones, for the very last time. Compared with such thoughts as those, my dear fellow, the breaking of a neck, however roughly done, is a trivial matter.

Are you fond of strawberries, friend the reader? Of course you are, and so am I. That is why I want to warn you—not, the Spirit of June forbid, against strawberries, but against a certain miserable person who will try to persuade you that strawberries must be soaked in water before they are eaten. That such a monster is walking the earth I know full well; indeed, he sat at my elbow one day of last week whilst I was lunching, and explained to me why strawberries should be soaked in water before being eaten. He declared that they absorb all sorts of horrible foreign bodies; that every small particle—and so forth. At the time, let me confess, I was influenced. I sent the waiter for a glass of iced water, and proceeded to dip each one of my strawberries in the water before eating it. Naturally enough, I did not enjoy them at all. The fiend at my elbow said I did, but he lied for the second time. Therefore, friend the reader, eat up your strawberries as fast as possible, and take no heed of foreign bodies. I wonder, by the way, whether you will?

For the gratification of those who cannot leave town during the hot months let me recommend a simple pastime, as refreshing as it is inexpensive. Take one daily paper, and turn to the advertisement columns headed, "Seaside and Country Houses." Read carefully through these advertisements, and imagine that you are seriously proposing to take a seaside or country house. I can promise you, an you give my recipe a fair trial, a delightful, stimulating hour that will prove as beneficial to your health as a real change of air and scene. For example: "To be let, furnished, modern villa residence, detached, containing drawing-room, opening with French casements into conservatory, dining-room, bay-window, and return window, looking on to lawn, two pantries, kitchen, cellars, lawn, fruit-garden, conservatory, vinery. Good position. Close to sea. Lovely views." No, no; you're not there really, but you have been there for nearly a minute. Here's another: "Furnished country-house to be let. Well-stocked flower-gardens leading down to river; orchard, meadow, boating, fishing. Charming rooms, light and airy. Moderate rent to careful tenant." Would you be careful, do you think? I'd stake my life on it. Would you appreciate those well-stocked flower-gardens, that orchard, that river? Why don't you laugh, fellow town-dweller?



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## THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS.

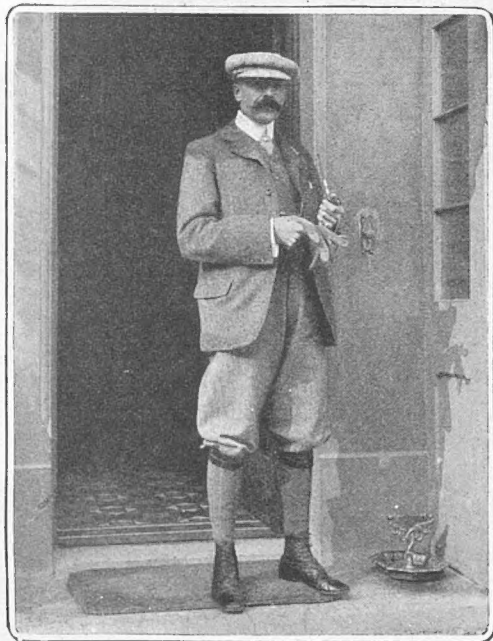
NO event of the year arouses more interest than the announcement of the honours the Sovereign has been pleased to confer on those of his subjects who have deserved well of King and country, and as each birthday comes round the question of who will receive special distinction is eagerly discussed in places where men foregather.

Space is too limited to allow mention even of a tithe of those whom the King has this year delighted to honour, so only a few of the more distinguished may be cited. No new Peer has been created, but three Privy Councillors have been appointed—Mr. Charles Booth, Colonel W. S. Kenyon-Slaney, M.P., and Mr. James Parker Smith, M.P. Mr. Booth is so well known as a philanthropist and as the author of a series of masterly volumes dealing with the life of the poor that people often forget he is also a successful Liverpool ship-owner. Colonel Kenyon-Slaney served for over a score of years in the Grenadier Guards, and took part in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. He has been Member for the Newport Division of Shropshire for some eighteen years, and in earlier days was one of the finest cricketers and footballers in England. Now, however, he is better known as one of the best speakers in Parliament. Mr. Parker Smith was a familiar figure in the House of Commons as private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain when the latter was at the Colonial Office. Accuracy and logic are said to be the passions of his life, and few men are trusted more completely and with better reason by the ex-Colonial Secretary.

Seven new Baronets figure in the list, namely, Sir Robert Ropner, M.P., Sir Edward P. Wills, K.C.B., Mr. W. J. Goulding, Mr. Henry Kimber, M.P., Mr. Walter Palmer, M.P., Mr. George White, and Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth. The King's choice in this matter has been greeted with a chorus of approval, particularly so with regard to the selection of Mr. Harmsworth, the youngest of the new Baronets. Journalism has hitherto been somewhat neglected in the Honours list, and now that a new departure has been made, His Majesty's choice could have fallen on no more distinguished and deserving member of the profession than the man who has had so romantic and stirring a career and who has left his mark on English journalism for all time. Sir Alfred Harmsworth is not only the youngest of twentieth-century Baronets, he is also the junior of the last

two hundred of his rank, with the exception of Sir Coleridge Kennard, who, at the age of five, was granted the Baronetcy, his grandfather having died before receiving the patent.

Of the Knights, perhaps the most distinguished is Dr. Elgar, the acknowledged chief of the Empire's musicians. Sir Edward Elgar has attained his position solely through genius and indomitable perseverance; indeed, history can show few instances of so rapid a rise, for though his first published work dates back only to 1900, during the present year we have seen the "Elgar Festival," graced by the presence of the King and Queen.



THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS: SIR EDWARD ELGAR AT HOME.

*Photographed for "The Sketch."*

## THE CLUBMAN.

THE Order of St. Michael and St. George is to have its own chapel in St. Paul's Cathedral, and the members of the Order are sending the hat round amongst themselves to pay for the necessary fittings. A Knightly Order is but half-equipped without its chapel, with the Knights' stalls and banners, and until the Duke of Cambridge moved in the matter, headed a subscription, and approached the authorities of the great church, the Colonial Order had no place of worship and ceremony. The Garter and the Bath Knights can proudly display their blazons, and now the men who have

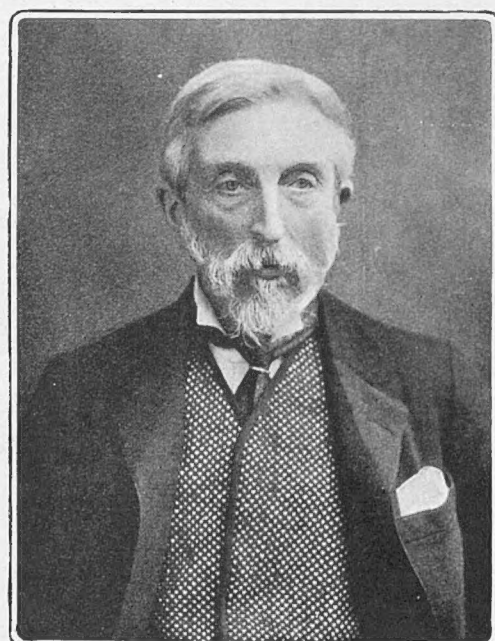
made our Colonies will be able to do the same. The ill-natured wags say that some of the members of the Order will have to go to the Herald's College before they go to the banner-makers.

That Raisuli should be punished for having seized and held for ransom Mr. Perdicaris and Mr. Varley is a matter of importance to every Christian white man who ever travels abroad outside the beaten tracks. What happened to Mr. Perdicaris might very well have happened to any one of his guests had he entertained on the night he was seized. He is a most hospitable gentleman and was always glad to welcome to dine at his country house, three miles from Tangier, anyone who had brought a letter of introduction to him. The journey out to the house on mule-back, escorted by soldiers carrying lanterns, was a new experience for the diners, but no one ever thought of any danger from brigands. That Raisuli had previously made a little fortune by capturing a *Times* Correspondent, and that now, by capturing two important Christians, he has obtained the concessions he asked from the Sultan and a large sum of ready money as well, has been noted by every other disaffected Moor, and there are plenty of Moorish brigands ready to follow his example if they can do so with impunity. One Moorish chieftain is said to have already offered four hundred pounds down to anyone who will bring him

a captive Christian. There are many tourists who would be flattered to find that they are valued at that price, but no one who crosses the Straits of Gibraltar would wish to go through the rough experiences of Mr. Perdicaris.

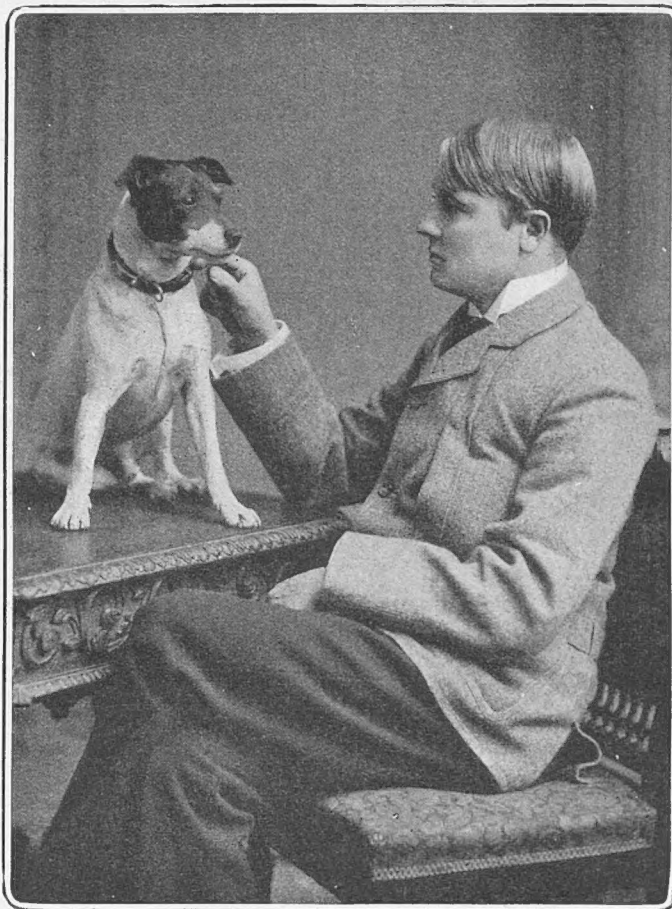
The ladies have made a sortie from Dover Street and have captured the best window in Piccadilly. The great bow-window of what used

to be the Imperial Service Club, now the Lyceum, looks both up and down the long thoroughfare, and forms a splendid Grand Stand when any pageant passes down the street. The Piccadilly Clubs are not as fortunate in their windows as are the St. James's Street ones. The Turf windows are always shrouded in lace, the Naval and Military has but one look-out window, that of the writing-room, and the Badminton is about the only one of the men's Clubs which possesses a window looking both ways. The most celebrated Club-window in Piccadilly is probably that of the hall of the St. James's Club.



THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS: THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES BOOTH, P.C.

*Photograph by Russell, Baker Street, W.*



THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS: SIR ALFRED HARMSWORTH, BART.

*Photograph by West and Son, Southsea.*



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LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) dep.	12 20	2 45	5 15	8 30	10 15	11 35	1 0	2 10	4 30	5 35	6 45
Matlock Bath ... arr.	4 7	7 38	8 30	1 1	1 37	2 55	4 12	5 19	7 44	...	11 50
Matlock Bridge ... "	...	7 42	8 43	1 5	1 41	3 0	4 17	5 24	7 48	8 54	11 54
BUXTON ... "	...	8 30	9 25	...	2 7	3 30	4 50	6 0	8 32	9 35	10 25

	a.m.	H	a.m.	a.m.	E	D	p.m.	p.m.	D	J	p.m.
BUXTON ... dep.	7 48	9 15	10 45	10 57	12 40	1 40	3 45	4 0	5 35	5 50	8 20
Matlock Bridge ... "	7 55	9 28	11 10	...	12 29	2 19	4 11	4 49	6 23	6 55	9 6
Matlock Bath ... "	8 0	9 33	10 56	...	12 34	2 24	4 17	4 54	6 28	7 0	9 11
LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) arr.	11 50	1 20	2 30	3 5	4 35	5 40	7 40	8 40	10 0	11 15	4 20

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ADDITIONAL EXPRESS TRAINS JULY, AUGUST, AND SEPTEMBER, 1904.

A NEW CORRIDOR TRAIN, with Luncheon and Tea Cars for First, Second, and Third Class passengers, will leave Euston Station at 11.30 a.m., arriving Edinburgh 7.55 p.m. and Glasgow 7.55 p.m. Express Trains in connection with this new train at Preston will leave Liverpool (Lime Street) at 2.25 p.m., and Manchester (Exchange) at 2.30 p.m.

Commencing Monday, July 18, A NEW NIGHT EXPRESS with Sleeping Cars for First Class passengers will leave Euston Station at 7.45 p.m., arriving at Perth at 4.40 a.m. and Inverness at 8.35 a.m.

A SPECIAL TRAIN FOR HORSES AND CARRIAGES will leave Euston at 3.30 p.m. for Carlisle from July 11 to August 8 inclusive. This train is appointed to run through to Perth in advance of the Night Expresses from Euston, so as to afford a through service to all parts of the North of Scotland.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager, L. and N. W. Railway.  
R. MILLAR, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

June 1904.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

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BETWEEN LONDON AND  
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June 1904.

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## DEATH OF MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

We regret to record the death on Saturday last of Mr. Clement Scott, which followed with almost tragic suddenness the performance given at His Majesty's Theatre on his behalf on Thursday afternoon. A portrait of the famous critic appeared in our issue of June 22.

**GARRICK.** — MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH. At 9 in THE FAIRY'S DILEMMA, by W. S. Gilbert. At 8.15, "A Lesson in Harmony." WED. and SAT. MATINEES at 2.15.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE.**—MR. LEWIS WALLER. EVERY EVENING, at 9, MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 3. MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER. Preceded each Evening, at 8.15, by A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

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## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

MANY of the most worthy and earnest subjects of our popular and tactful Sovereign will have heard with gratification of the kindly reception accorded by His Majesty to the veteran head of the Salvation Army. As Prince of Wales, the King interested himself very keenly in the social work of the Salvation Army, and he is known to have greatly approved of much which he then discovered and personally tested. The Queen has also shown

practical interest in "General" Booth's labours on behalf of the "submerged tenth," and among his warmest supporters are the King and Queen of Sweden. The compiler of the *Court Circular* must have felt that he had a delicate task before him when he was called upon last Wednesday to put in official language the style and title of the King's visitor. He got out of the difficulty by calling him the Rev. William Booth, "Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army."

### *The Queen's Little Friends.*

Queen Alexandra's love for children is proverbial. Her Majesty is equally interested in those poor little ones who live in the London slums, and in their more fortunate brothers and sisters who are brought up with an almost excessive care and tenderness in the world frequented by Royalty. In honour of Prince Edward of Wales's tenth birthday, the Queen entertained a large gathering of her little friends, many of whom have the honour of being her godchildren. The Prince and Princess of Wales allow their children to have many more companions than was the case with the present Sovereign, his brothers and his sisters. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert believed in the old maxim that children should be seen and not heard, and, accordingly, the little Princes and Princesses lived strangely retired lives and were rarely in London. Not so the more fortunate Royal children of the present day.

### *With the King to Kiel.*

The importance of the King's visit to Kiel is significantly shown by the presence in his suite of Lord Selborne, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Prince Louis of Battenberg, the Director of Naval Intelligence at the Admiralty. Prince Louis is, of course, the King's nephew by marriage, his wife—who is also his cousin—being a daughter of the late Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse. Prince Louis is well known in the Sea Service as an exceptionally efficient officer, and a thoroughly good fellow to boot. His advancement is honestly due to sheer merit. Lord Ormonde is naturally in his element wherever there is yachting going on; it is his great passion, and he succeeded the King as Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Lord and Lady Ormonde, it will be remembered, entertained the King and Queen at Kilkenny Castle during their Majesties' recent visit to Ireland, and they are the happy parents of the lovely Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew and Lady Constance Butler.

### *Mrs. Brown-Potter.*

Mrs. Brown-Potter, while one of the many beautiful American women who seem to prefer England to their native country, has remained typically Transatlantic in her enthusiasms, in her tastes, and in her perfect genius for dressing in a manner which best suits her very picturesque and singular style of beauty. Even as a child she was noted for her wonderful powers of memory; indeed, she actually recited

"Hiawatha" to Longfellow when she was only eight years old. No living actress is more often asked to take part in charitable entertainments, and in this matter she often allows her good-nature to be imposed upon, the more so that her friends are well aware that she is a certain "draw." Fond of open-air life long before open-air cures became the fashion, Mrs. Brown-Potter has now been for some years the proud owner of a delightful place on the river near Maidenhead.

### *The Lord Chancellor.*

The Lord Chancellor, in spite of his seventy-nine years, showed extraordinary alertness in hearing the Free Church of Scotland case which excited so much interest at Westminster. For fully a fortnight he listened with sleepless vigilance to the arguments of able counsel. Sometimes one or other of his colleagues nodded, but he himself never slumbered. The Lord Chancellor was always ready with a question or an observation, and carried on an elaborate controversy with Mr. Asher and Mr. Haldane as to Arminianism and Calvinism. He displayed remarkable familiarity with religious history, but could not listen patiently to Mr. Haldane's metaphysics. Those who think that he ought to retire from the Woolsack on account of old age might change their opinion if they watched him conducting the judicial business of the House of Lords.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER: A NEW PORTRAIT.

Taken by Whitlock, Birmingham.



*Another Veteran.* Lord James of Hereford is another veteran who took part in the Free Church inquiry. He is only three years younger than the Lord Chancellor, and their careers have several times touched each other. On many an occasion they crossed legal swords in the House of Commons. Lord James was Solicitor-General in 1873; Lord Halsbury (then Hardinge Giffard) became Solicitor-General in 1875. The latter was raised to the Woolsack in 1885, and in the following year Lord James might have succeeded him had it not been for Home Rule. Lord James is supposed to be the only living man who has declined the Lord Chancellorship. Like Lord Halsbury, he is keener in his old age than are most other men a generation younger.

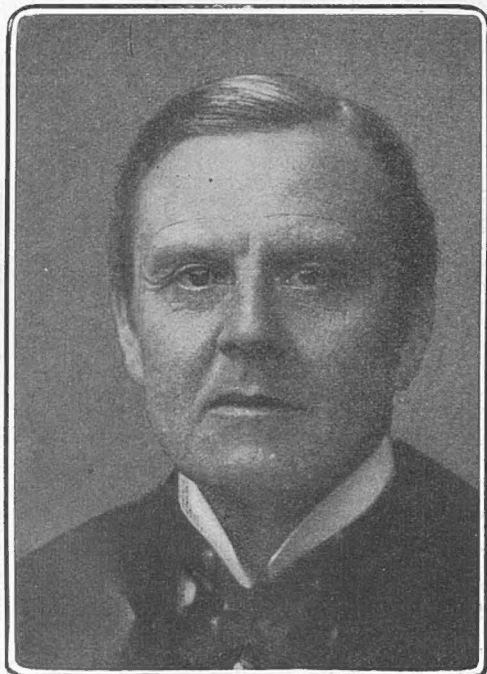
*Eminent Counsel.* Two of the counsel in the Free Church case frequently appear at the Bar of the House of Lords. Mr. Asher, the leader for the United Free Church, has been a Member of Parliament for nearly a quarter of a century, but is not so well known at St. Stephen's as he is in Scotland, where he has the best practice as an advocate. His speech in the Ardlamont case gave him an enormous reputation. He is tall and handsome, with hair turning grey, and has an old-world, stately courtesy in his manner.

With Mr. Asher in the case is Mr. Haldane, who may some day be Lord Chancellor. It is due to the long exclusion of the Liberals from office that he has not yet sat on the Front Bench, for he is one of the ablest men in the House. Mr. Haldane has been in Parliament since 1885, and has a great reputation there. Although his style is not

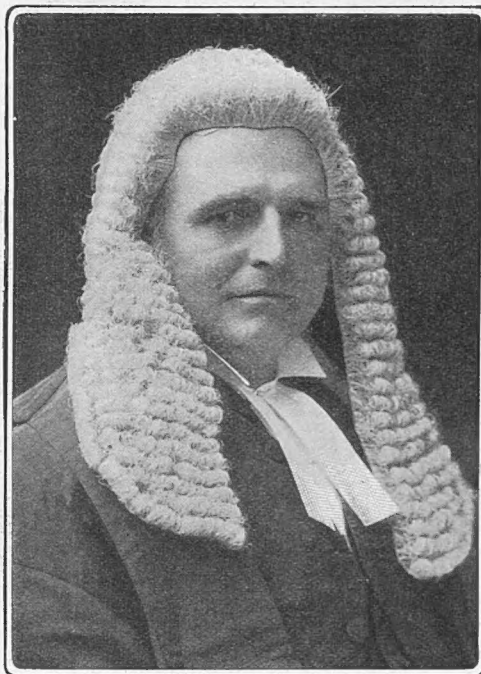
Mr. Labouchere and Sir Charles Dilke; in Mr. Churchill and Major Seely it has gained two of the cleverest and most active members; and it has received important reinforcement also by the election of Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt and Mr. Philip Stanhope. Here sit also Sir Edward Strachey and Mr. Courtenay Warner, so that the bench is aristocratic as well as ambitious.

*"Mr. Attorney."* It is rather amusing, in view of the late Lord Salisbury's gibe about the "Celtic fringes," that the Attorney-General of the Unionist Government should be a Scot and the Solicitor-General an Irishman. Sir Robert Finlay, who has been "Mr. Attorney" since 1900, is, indeed, *Scotus Scotorum*. The eldest son of a famous Edinburgh physician, he chose at first the healing art himself, and actually took his degree in medicine at Edinburgh University. However, he soon found his true *métier*, being called to the Bar at the age of twenty-five. Though not naturally a politician, he entered Parliament nearly twenty years ago as Liberal Member for Inverness Burghs, and it was a lucky day for him when he decided not to follow Mr. Gladstone at the time of the Home Rule split. When the Liberal-Unionists took their share of the sweets of office in 1895, he was made Solicitor-General, and five years later was promoted to be Attorney-General.

*"Mr. Solicitor."* The Solicitor-General, Sir Edward Carson, who made such an excellent speech the other night at the Royal General Theatrical Fund dinner, is only fifty—a mere infant, as Law Officers of the Crown go. He is tall, and his countenance



MR. J. LAWSON WALTON, K.C., M.P.



SIR ROBERT FINLAY, K.C., ATTORNEY-GENERAL.



SIR EDWARD CARSON, K.C., SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

#### THE LEGAL WORLD: SOME DISTINGUISHED LEADERS.

agreeable, he is thoroughly original, and his speeches are full of thought. At the same time, he lacks Party bitterness, although he has sometimes been accused of Lobbying in the interest of Lord Rosebery. Mr. Haldane is believed to be one of Lord Rosebery's most intimate political friends.

#### *Smoking Confessions by Commons.*

Personal confessions were made by several members of the House of Commons during the discussions on the duty on foreign cigars and cigarettes. Mr. Lough excited sympathy by the admission that he had never smoked a cigar. He was pitied, for once, even by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who declared that he smoked many cigars. In this respect, like others, he resembled his father. On the other hand, Sir Robert Reid, who prefers a pipe, said there were more delectable forms of smoking than the smoking of cigars. Sir Walter Foster, who admitted to Mr. Labouchere that he himself smoked, gave the House a lecture on the evils of cigarette-smoking by the rising generation. "Labby," who frequently retires to the smoking-room to puff a cigarette, ridiculed Sir Walter's fears, and pointed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a specimen of the rising generation. Amid much laughter, he declared, in his old vivacious way, that cigarette-smoking never did man, woman, or child any harm.

#### *Below the Gangway.*

Major Seely has, without any fuss, followed Mr. Churchill to the Liberal side. There he was seen one day last week, and on the following day he asked a question from that side. The front bench below the Opposition Gangway has become one of the strongest and most interesting in the House. At the head of it are two astute veterans,

is strong rather than handsome, with a striking development of chin, forming a plain index to his character. Indeed, the way in which he swept all before him at the English Bar, after Dublin had become too small to hold him, has hardly ever been equalled, except possibly by Mr. Rufus Isaacs. Mr. Balfour must have the credit of having early perceived the ability of Mr. Carson, who was made Crown Prosecutor for Dublin and then Solicitor-General for Ireland before he was forty. Mr. Carson figured in divers great cases after being called to the English Bar, making an astonishing reputation as a cross-examiner. After the General Election of 1900 he was promoted to be Solicitor-General. Sir Edward and Lady Carson have a charming house at Rottingdean.

*A Brilliant K.C.* Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., is among the most eminent of the many eminent Nonconformists at the Bar. His power with Juries is extraordinary, the more so as his method is quietness itself. His brown eyes, apparently so mild, seem to look an unwilling witness through and through, and he is a master of icy scorn. But perhaps his most valuable gift is that of making the details of an apparently dull case interesting to the mind of the average Jurymen. They tell in the Law Courts an amusing story of Mr. Walton handling a dealer in condensed milk who was a hostile witness. "You sell milk?" said Mr. Walton. "I do," replied the witness. "Then you know something about agriculture?" "No," said the witness. "Er—I—" "Oh," said Mr. Walton, "I see. You are one of those dealers who don't get their milk from agricultural sources." The worthy condensed-milk dealer was burning to explain, but, of course, Mr. Walton would not let him. In the House, where he represents South Leeds, he has attained a remarkable position.



**Honour-Hunting.** The bold, bad, bogus baronet, abhorred of Burke and detested of Debreth, need no longer tremble before the possible forfeiture of his title. He has only to seize the "opportunity" offered by an advertiser in the *Times*, pay four thousand pounds to charity, and receive a patent of nobility signed by a European King, and with two substantial guarantees—that "the title will be recognised at all the Royal Courts of the civilised world, and that the fact of its conveyance will be published in the official gazette of the country." What more could a gentleman caught illegally red-handed desire? By the side of this, the method by which General Baron Meyendorff is credited with seeking to gratify his apparent lust for honours is almost heroic. He, it appears, despite the fact that his age exempts him from war-service, has insisted upon going to the Front, not because his patriotism is too great for him to remain inactive, but that he may have the opportunity of earning on the battlefield the only decoration he does not already possess, the Cross of the Military Order of St. George.

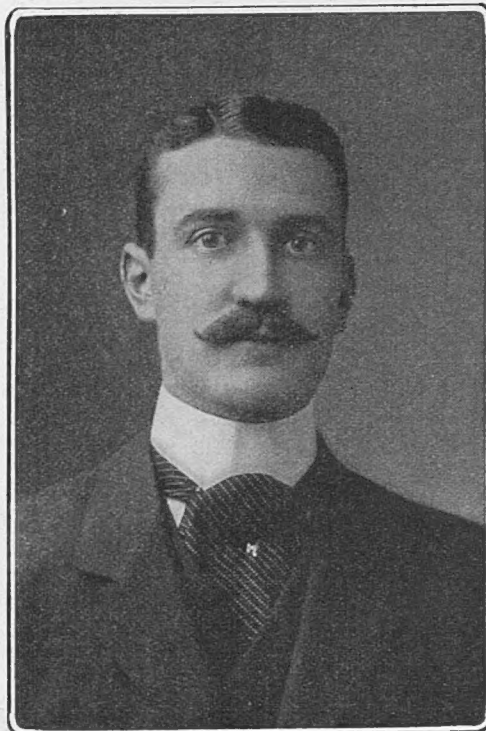
**Russian Naïveté.** Of the many naïve telegrams that have passed the Russian Censor during the present war, nothing has been so delightful as one issued from Mukden and referring to the fighting at Wa-Fan-Tien: "The Japanese victory may be said to have been achieved in despite of the Japanese Generals, who are considered to have displayed in their conduct of the battle a remarkable lack of knowledge of the science of military tactics." This of the nation whose officers engineered the masterly advance through Korea, the Battle of the Yalu, and the extraordinary fight at Kinchau, and who have up to the present outwitted their opponents at almost every opportunity.

**Lady Grey-Egerton.** Lady Grey-Egerton is, perhaps, the smartest of the many pretty Americans who have married British baronets. She was a Miss May Cuyler, the daughter of a distinguished American officer, and before her marriage to Sir Philip Grey-Egerton she was a great deal in France and quite a reigning belle at Dinard. She is an exceptionally good swimmer and a fine musician. She was one of the first women in Society who discovered the charm of bicycling, and during the winter months she is an indefatigable skater. Sir Philip and Lady Grey-Egerton



LADY GREY-EGERTON.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



MR. J. MONTAGU HILL, ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED TO MRS. SAMUEL LEWIS.

Photograph by Dickinsons, New Bond Street, W.

spend a great deal of their time at their country place, Oulton Park, in Cheshire, and they also have a beautiful old place near Chester—Broxton Old Hall. Lady Grey-Egerton is devoted to her twin sons, who are now nine years old, and to her little daughter, who is two years older.

The most important of July weddings will undoubtedly be that of Mr. Montagu Hill, the popular, good-looking Adjutant of the Scots Guards, and Mrs. Samuel Lewis. Soldiers are proverbially lucky in love, and Mr. Hill has been equally fortunate in war, for he greatly distinguished

himself during the South African campaign. It is said that the happy pair will enjoy a yachting honeymoon, taking with them a motor-car in which to explore the coast of the countries at whose ports they will touch during the summer.

The Duke of Marlborough's mother is one of the many fair and accomplished daughters of that wonderful nonagenarian, the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn. Many well-known people, headed by their Majesties, can remember the sensation caused by the double marriage in the Abbey of the two younger daughters of that Duke of Abercorn known as "Old Splendid" and his popular Duchess in



THE MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

1869, the bridegrooms being the then Marquis of Blandford and the fifth Marquis of Lansdowne. Lady Blandford has but one son, the present owner of Blenheim, and three daughters. She is a great favourite at Court and the King and Queen always show her marked honour.

#### A French Actor-Manager.

In Paris the name of Antoine stands for the renaissance of French theatrical art. This remarkable bearer of what is a very ordinary French name began life in the Government service, and he was still a hard-working clerk when he founded the Théâtre Libre in 1887. Deliberately, Antoine set himself to break through all the usual theatrical traditions. He asked the help of young writers, sought out the greater unacted, and persuaded such men as Lavedan and de Banville to write for him. De Goncourt was one of the first to lend Antoine his counsel and support, and a play adapted from one of his most striking stories was among the young actor-manager's first popular successes. Last week M. Antoine was seen in London for the first time. There are some among the French critics who place him literally first among living actors, and now the London playgoer has had a chance of judging whether they are right.

**King Alfonso's Bet.** When the King of Spain was at Xeres he greatly admired a horse belonging to Señor Rivero, one of the notables of the town, who at once presented him with the animal. The King refused the gift, but the other day, at the pigeon-shooting at the Casa de Campo, near Madrid, a match was arranged between the King and Señor Rivero. The stakes were, on the King's side, a gold-piece of one hundred pesetas, and on Señor Rivero's a souvenir of Xeres. Like a skilful courtier, Señor Rivero lost, and sent the King the horse which he had so much admired as a souvenir of Xeres. The King could not refuse to accept, but he at once sent the Señor one of the best horses in the royal stable in exchange.

#### "The Star of Karageorge."

During the past year a new Order of Chivalry has arisen in Europe, which bears the title of "The Star of Karageorge." It has been founded by King Peter of Serbia in memory of his great ancestor, the founder of the dynasty; but, owing to the circumstances which made its existence possible, it has not been greatly sought after even by those foreigners who make a practice of collecting minor decorations. But it has now been conferred upon a Royal personage, for King Peter has despatched his cousin, Jacha Nenadovich, who is also his private secretary, to Cettigne to present the Star to Prince Nicolas, and has accompanied the gift with an autograph letter which is said to contain a draft of that new Triple Alliance between Serbia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro which is to settle the Balkan Question. As a side-light on this little ceremony, it is not generally known that King Peter is the son-in-law of the Prince of Montenegro.



## MISS EDNA MAY AND MUSICAL COMEDY:

## AN INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT.

MISS EDNA MAY has taken her farewell of the musical comedy stage in London. If she has not sung her last song or danced her last dance on the stage—for, in these days, songs and dances are incidents in the performance which even the serious actress has to reckon with—Miss May has sung and danced for the last time in musical comedy.

It is an interesting announcement, and, happily, it does not betoken Miss May's impending or intended retirement. But let the charming actress speak for herself, as she did two or three days ago to a representative of *The Sketch*, at Littlehampton, where she is staying.

"Yes," said Miss May, "it is quite true that when I acted in 'La Poupée' it was my last appearance in so-called musical comedy. When I return to London, it will be to act in comedy without music.

never had the least success. Eventually they cut the song out. Then they changed my dress. Then they gave me another song, and in the song I sang in that other dress which was not green I made a very pleasant success. I did not know anything about the ill-luck of green, though, until someone who had been a long time on the stage mentioned it to me.

"You ask why I am going to leave musical comedy. I have wanted to for a long time. Perhaps the wish, which always existed to a greater or less extent, made itself most felt when I was playing in 'Kitty Grey' at the Apollo. The part of the wife offered the opportunity for a good deal of comedy, as well as for some touching little bits of sentiment, and I thought I should like to play some such character on the regular stage. Mr. Charles Frohman, too, under



"I MAY CLAIM THAT I AM ENTITLED TO A REST."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Before that can occur, however, I am going back to America. I start on Aug. 3, and open at Daly's Theatre on Sept. 5 in 'The School Girl.'

"Pending my departure, I am resting here, and, after a season which began in September and lasted until the beginning of June, during which I played seven performances a week, I may claim that I am entitled to a rest, only I hate not being at work. Still, my throat has been giving me some trouble of late and I must rest my voice. I had hoped to be able to sing at the matinée which was given last Thursday to Mr. Clement Scott, but the condition of my throat made it impossible, for I can only give my best to London, which has always been so kind to me. Indeed, practically all my stage experience has been gained there.

"I had only been thirteen months on the stage before I came to London. So, you see, in my case 'thirteen' was not an unlucky number. Besides, I am not superstitious. The only superstition I have is about wearing green on the stage. When I played in 'Kitty Grey,' I wore a beautiful green dress, and the song I had to sing in it

whose management I have been ever since 'An American Beauty' closed—'An American Beauty' was the play which followed 'The Belle of New York,' you know—Mr. Frohman thought I could do better work. I had always wanted to play comedy, but I had never dared mention it to him, for, you see, I lack confidence. People may not think it, but I haven't a bit of confidence and need pushing forward.

"On the regular stage I hope to play comedy, for the demure, sentimental damsel like the part I had in 'Three Little Maids' does not give one a chance. After that statement I need scarcely tell you that I did not care for my part until I went on tour, when I took 'The Miller's Daughter' song which Miss Hilda Moody had at the Prince of Wales's, and 'The Real Town Lady,' and they made the part bright and lively and quite worth acting.

"In America, though I open in 'The School Girl,' I am also to play 'La Poupée,' and when I come back it will be in a play which Mr. A. E. W. Mason is writing for me."



A NEW AMERICAN PORTRAIT OF MRS. LANGTRY.



SOME OF MRS. LANGTRY'S JEWELS WERE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S LAST WEEK AND REALISED SIX THOUSAND GUINEAS.

*Photograph by Messrs. Hall, New York.*



## MY MORNING PAPER.



By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.



[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

"OLD-FASHIONED BATHING-MACHINES"—ARE BETTER THAN NONE.

A Reply to the "Daily Telegraph."

I READ in a morning paper that, after the British sailors had been received by the Pope and had returned to the station *en route* for their ships, the railway officials refused to admit them because the train then leaving for Civita Vecchia was a special affair of first and second class compartments only. At the critical moment, says the paper, certain of the ships' officers arrived and gave the seamen orders to take the train by storm, which they did. I am delighted, for the Italian railways owe me rather more than a sovereign and refuse to pay. Some years ago, I was travelling from Genoa to Florence, and should have changed at Pisa. Nobody told me to change, and I was carried on as far as Grosseto. There, realising that Florence was long overdue and that the train had been travelling at top-speed, I made inquiries and learned the truth. It was half-past eight; I had to wait five hours in Grosseto and catch a slow train back to Pisa. Florence was reached at about seven in the morning, just twelve hours late, and the railway authorities made me pay for the run from Pisa to Grosseto and back again. Since then I have looked coldly upon Italy and the Anglo-Italian friendship, but, if the story of the seamen and the Rome express is true, I feel that my country has avenged my wrongs, and I will not oppose any paragraph to good relations between London and Rome.

The cry that was raised against Admiral Kamimura when the Vladivostok squadron fell upon Japanese transports like a terrier upon rats, shows that our Allies are only human, after all. A mere Westerner, I cannot see that the gallant Admiral would conquer his foes any more expeditiously by committing "hari-kari," and if Japan's naval and military chiefs adopted such a custom the ultimate victory of Russia would be assured. I have a solution to the mystery of the Admiral's failure that must be set down, even though it give offence. The reports of Admiral Togo, and Generals Kuroki and Oku explain that the victories of Japan are really due to the Emperor's stupendous virtues. Now the Mikado is only mortal, and the horrid possibility that he may have suffered a temporary lapse from grace occurs to me. Naturally enough, if his virtues were obscured for a moment by the

cloud of imperfection, there would be a sympathetic fog round Vladivostok, and the alert Bezobrazoff would take advantage of it. At the time of writing, Russia's land chances are calculated to cause intense anxiety throughout the Empire. I see no cure for the Russian case until the Czar sends General Kuropatkin home and appoints Dr. Miller Maguire in his place.

I note that Sir Charles Eliot, the British Commissioner for the East African Protectorate, has resigned violently. That is to say, he has declined to accept Lord Lansdowne's policy and has sent a public telegram to Mr. Balfour demanding an inquiry into the matter of his resignation. It is to be feared that the inquiry will not be held, and I suppose we should be grateful that most of Great Britain's representatives in foreign parts have other methods of airing their grievances. One shudders to think of the condition to which diplomacy would be reduced if Sir Charles established a precedent by his action. One is not concerned with the rights and wrongs of the case itself. Lord Lansdowne's policy in Uganda may be as bad as it is alleged to be, but the right of a British official to question the orders of his Government does not, cannot exist under any circumstances. The questions concerning Uganda are very interesting just now. Some say that the Zionists, finding they cannot secure Palestine, are going to find the Promised Land in East Africa. The Radicals have been questioning the Government about the matter. I suppose that if the Jewish aliens left the East-End of London and settled in East Africa the Opposition would be deprived of a grievance.

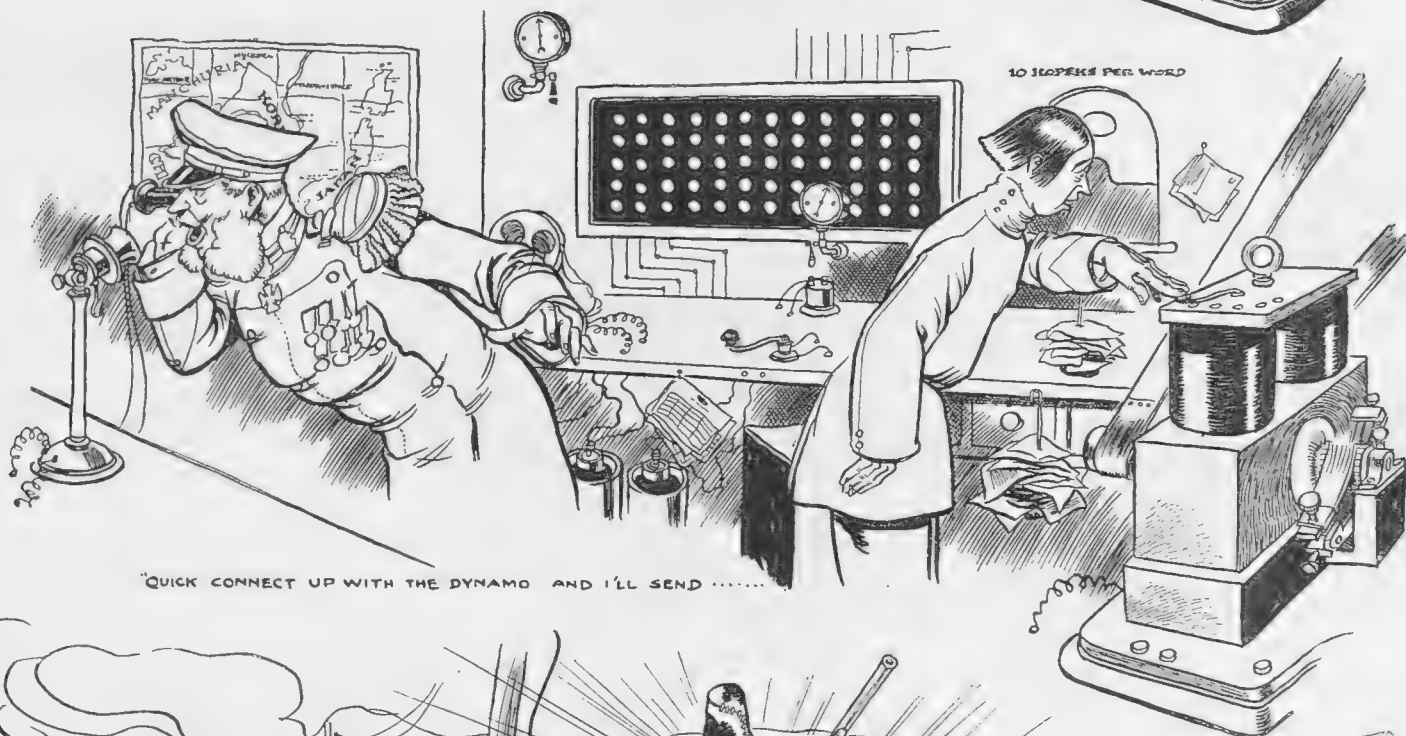
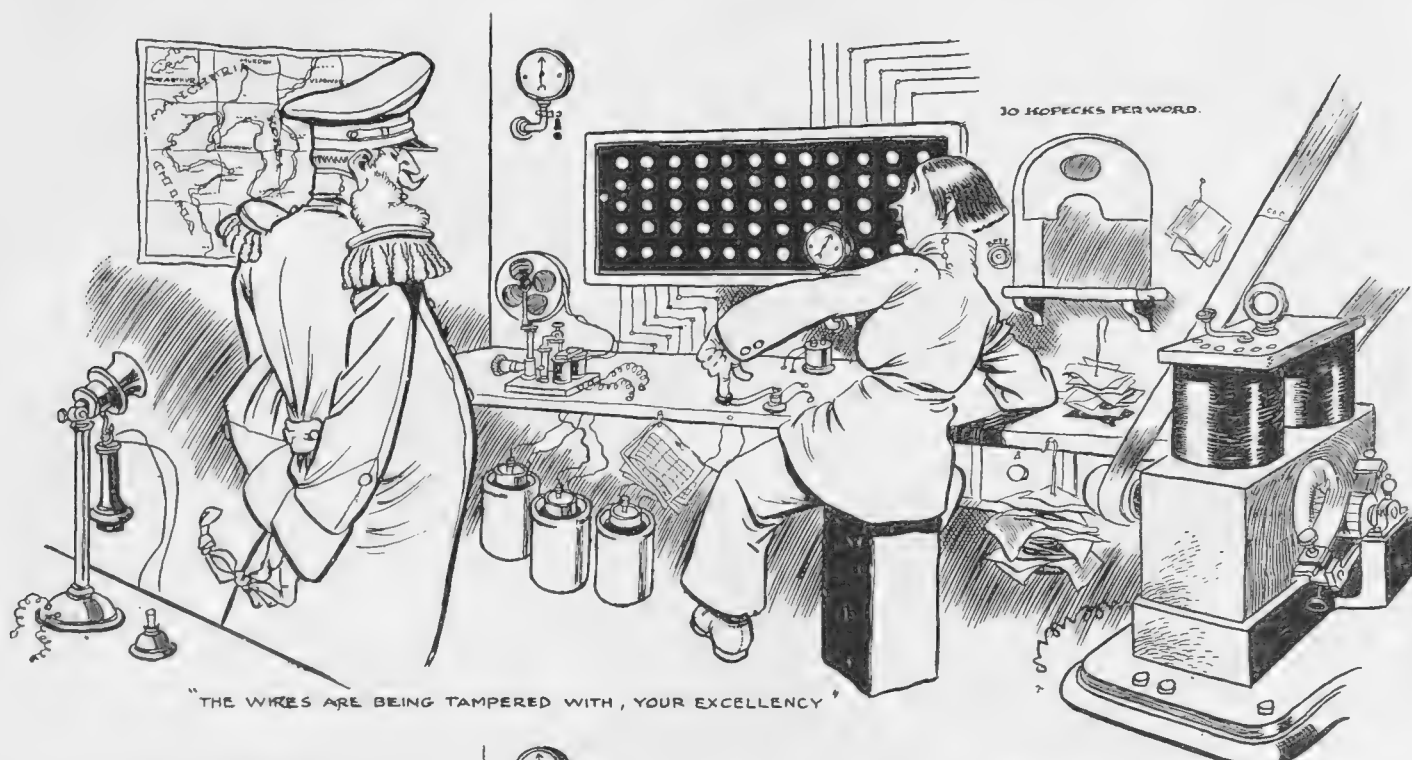
From time to time I read bitter attacks upon our aristocracy, or the section that composes what is called the "smart set."

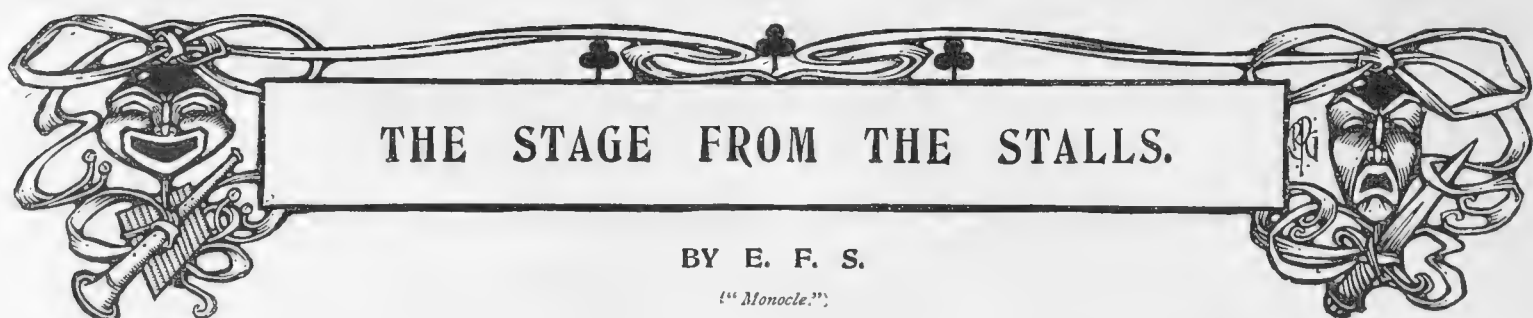
But a Madrid morning paper, sent to me by a friend, suggests that lighter London's methods of amusement are free from the offence that marks the leisure of the Madrileños. Here, people give a great deal of time and trouble to bazaars and concerts designed to help charities; in Madrid the charitable endeavour takes another turn. I read that a great bull-fight has just been given in the Spanish capital for the benefit of the Madrid Press Association. In order to show their sympathy and appreciation, many ladies of noble families worked rosettes that are fitted with a sharp spike and dug into the shoulder of a bull as he leaves the *toril*. One hopes that the condemned bulls faced the fourteen thousand charitable spectators who assembled to witness their slaughter, with becoming gratitude, and that some special quality that belongs to aristocratic fingers so softened the barb in the centre of the rosette that it was less painful than it would have been had mere plebeian hands prepared the gaudy bow.

Yet another week and we shall read the final judgment in the Dreyfus case. Apparently, the last lie has been told, the last efforts at trickery and subterfuge have been made, and now the truth may be told and such measure of justice as is deemed politic may be meted out to the parties chiefly concerned. I doubt whether the *Libre Parole*, the *Intransigent*, or the *Patrie* will sell an extra ten quires on the judgment-day. Politically and controversially the unfortunate ex-Captain is considerably more dead than any of his own great-great-grandfathers. But it seems only a few years ago when I met in the Café de la Paix a man I knew very well indeed. "I've been lunching with your brother," I said to him, and his face clouded. "Please do not mention his name to me," he replied, curtly, and I learned that these brothers had quarrelled—for life, as it happened—over the Dreyfus affair. At first I thought this was quite an exceptional case, but I was assured that it was nothing at all uncommon. To-day the question of the millions alleged to have been offered for election purposes by the gentlemen who make Chartreuse excites far more interest among our volatile neighbours than all the secrets of the infamous "affaire."



CHUNCHUSE WIRE-CUTTERS OUTWITTED.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

THE FRENCH PLAYS—"MICE AND MEN" REVIVED.

IN speaking of the rival French productions, one naturally deals first with Bernhardt, the favourite of longest standing and most universal fame—the actress who for a quarter of a century has been the most popular of living players; indeed, the "star" who has attained a position unique in the history of drama. This is not surprising: both actress and woman are unique, and, if it were only as a miracle of energy, she would stand unparalleled. It is traditional to say each season that her powers show no signs of abatement. Sometimes the statement is apparently untrue; this time it is obviously correct, and both in the melody of the love-passages and vehement invective in the curses she manifests to the full her amazing powers. Some of us, alas, are no longer quite under the spell, but the change is in us, not her. What a pleasure to a lover of acting who sees and hears her for the first time in "La Sorcière"! The new Sardou play shows a sudden rejuvenescence in the dramatist, whose other recent works had displayed a falling-off in force and skill. No doubt, the formula is the old Sardou formula to a great extent, and the piece is only a picturesque melodrama, with no aim but to affect the emotions of the audience by violent contrast and vigorous sensation.

Whatever its value as art, the cleverness of the concoction is quite indisputable. The element of wit, so valuable in many of his dramas, is absent, and the play has an important scene earlier than is customary in his pieces. The subject, though often handled in non-dramatic works, comes to some extent as a novelty, even if the main Act suggests Bricux's play, "La Robe Rouge." The history of the handsome Moorish woman, Zoraya, haled with her lover, Don Enrique Palacios, before the Inquisition, is crammed with horrors skilfully put together and excellently suited to the taste of a bloodthirsty public; whilst the massing of physical incidents is well contrived with a view to impressing people who have but a Friday-till-Tuesday knowledge of French. For in criticism of the French drama, as given in London, one has to recollect that for success reliance should be placed on action, not dialogue, on events rather than character. It requires no more than a Public School acquaintance with French to follow the tale and understand the agonies of Zoraya in the cavernous judgment-hall of the Inquisition, when false testimony is being given against her to the effect that she is a witch and liable to be burnt. The impression on the emotions is very great, and the scene is worked up to one of the strongest, most poignant "curtains" imaginable. Perhaps the result of a fourth Act, ending with her tremendous curse, is slightly prejudicial to the last, which seems a trifle tame after it, and the manner of her death, sucking poison from her lover's lips, even if Shakspeare has suggested it in Juliet's vain effort, is not exactly effective.

As I have already hinted, the divine Sarah plays the part tremendously, and with great, even thrilling result. She is admirably supported. M. de Max is very impressive as the Chief Inquisitor. Mesdames Blanche Dufrene and Patry in quite different style are remarkably impressive as the two false witnesses, and other parts are excellently rendered.

"La Montansier" is quite a different affair. The drama itself seems a sort of echo of "Cyrano de Bergerac," giving us, in place of Cyrano as central figure, a kind of Cyrano without "panache." "La Montansier," a real person concerning whom few of us know anything, is, perhaps, a picturesque person, but not very nicely chosen as heroine. The female rake, even if historical, is not necessarily attractive, and the tale of the actress's amours discloses no extraordinary circumstances to serve as an excuse for its character. Moreover, the figure of her lover is decidedly disagreeable from an English point of view. The *mari complaisant* is bad enough, the *amant complaisant* is quite too bad; whilst with the old actor, St. Phar, who forms a big element in the play as the love-concealing

lover, it is impossible to feel sympathy. Indeed, every character of importance is odious: this would not matter much—in my opinion, at least—if they were interesting or even lifelike, which is hardly the case. Still, the dialogue is decidedly clever. It may be doubted whether it is brilliant, but it has the glitter more commonly found in French than English work. This is largely a question of language, for it cannot be doubted that the writers on the other side employ a tongue which lends itself more easily than ours to strokes of what may be called wit of words as apart from wit of idea. One is disposed to ask with wonder, almost dismay, what the English version of the play will be like. Bowdlerising seems necessary, yet a Bowdlerised "Montansier" would apparently be no "Montansier" at all. However, the play has some clever scenes and one or two effective situations.



M. ANTOINE,  
THE FAMOUS FRENCH ACTOR WHO  
HAS BEEN APPEARING WITH MADAME  
RÉJANE AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.  
Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier, Paris.

Madame Réjane does not seem quite at her best as the actress, which is really a Bernhardt part and not well suited to an intensely modern style that causes the woman to seem rather more like a Parisian cocotte of to-day than a *grande amoureuse* of the past. The vigour and skill in individual scenes is incontestable, yet the general result somewhat disconcerting. One wants to sympathise and cannot; one is anxious to make allowances for a passion-swept woman, and only gets the idea of a creature with no moral sense but plenty of caprices: it is sex rather than sentiment. As for M. Coquelin, the St. Phar, the feeling is irresistible that he is somewhat out of proportion. The play stands still while he is winning applause by his precisely calculated work. The character is quite inessential, it might be detached from the piece without injury to its structure, and yet, after Réjane, he is the most obvious person. It may be admitted that the contending lovers are not rendered by actors of sufficient power for their task; but the play hangs on them, and therefore essentially subsidiary characters like that of St. Phar should be kept down severely.

The third French Company, with its plays by M. Coolus and Paul Berton, has given the most interesting work of the trio, though neither of the works may be reckoned a masterpiece and none of the players have leaped into fame. "Yvette" and "Antoinette Sabrier," like "La Parisienne," in which Réjane gave her most brilliant performance, are very French in the sense in which Mr. Gilbert used the term in the delightful line concerning the "not too French French-bean," and if we were to believe half that is suggested by these Parisian authors, the "Gay City" is little more than a vast sink of vice, and the phrase "every woman is at heart a rake" should, when applied to the French, have the words "at heart" omitted. The two works at the Avenue are not like "La Parisienne," which is cynically immoral, and each of them exhibits an actual dramatic force and sense of character too rarely displayed to us of late. The Company is excellent rather than amazing, the performances being of greater average merit than those of the other French Companies in competition. M. Tarride is a very able actor already known in London, and Mesdames Marthe Regnier and Dorziat have earned the favour of our public by admirable work and great charm.

The revival of "Mice and Men," with its quiet sentiment and irreproachable humour, shows the English drama in strange contrast with the French—a contrast in many, if not all, respects favourable to us. The popularity of the pretty comedy is the best evidence of its quality, and there is no apparent reason why it should not serve Mr. Forbes-Robertson for the rest of a season a little disappointing to his admirers, who hoped to have seen nobler work than his perfect performances of comparatively easy parts. It is, however, gratifying to Miss Gertrude Elliott, whose "Little Britain" is the best work she has done in town. The rest of the Company is well chosen, and, in particular, Miss Mary Rorke's performance is admirable.



STUDY OF A THEATRICAL BEAUTY.



MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*

## ATHLETES FROM YALE AND HARVARD UNIVERSITIES

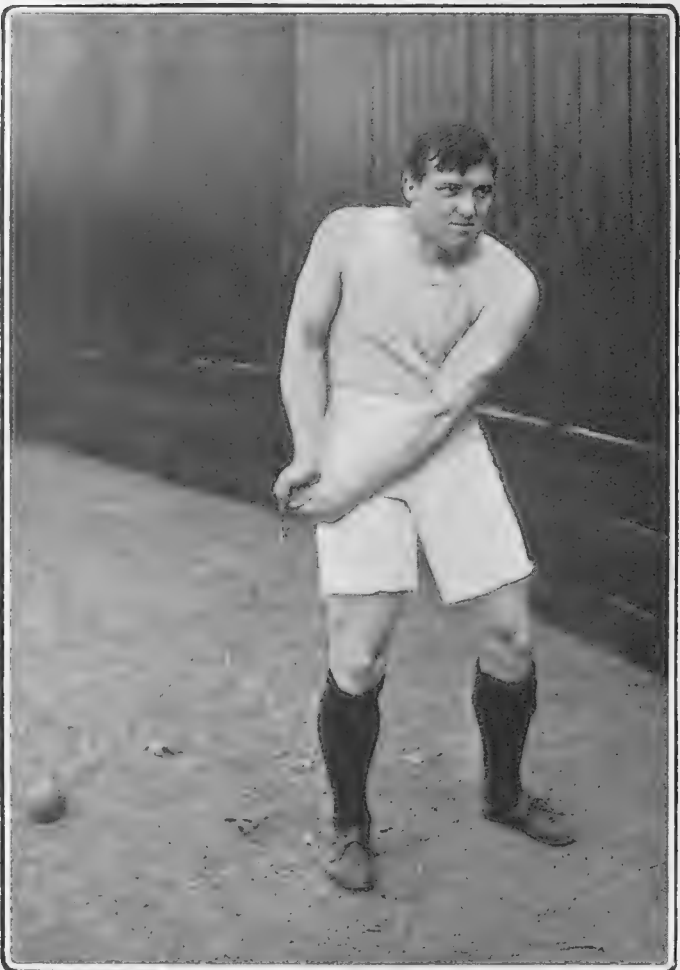
WHO WILL MEET THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE TEAMS ON JULY 23.



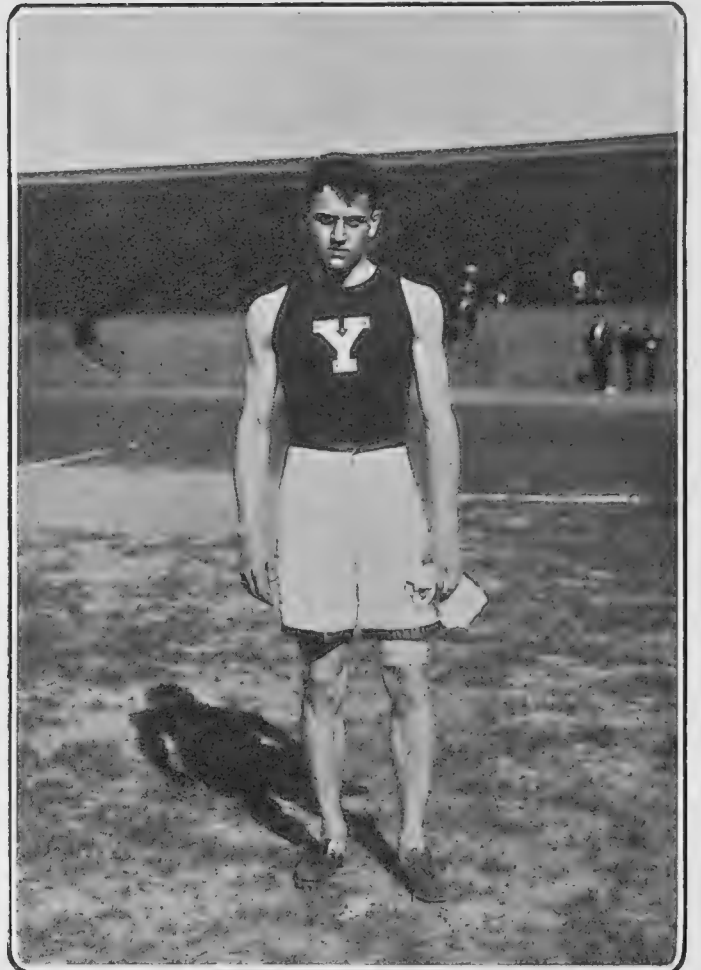
McLANAHAN, POLE-JUMPER.



CLAPP, HURDLER.



SHEVLIN, CHAMPION HAMMER-THROWER.



SHEFFIELD, BROAD-JUMPER.

*Photographs by the Pictorial News Company, New York.*



ATHLETES FROM YALE AND HARVARD UNIVERSITIES

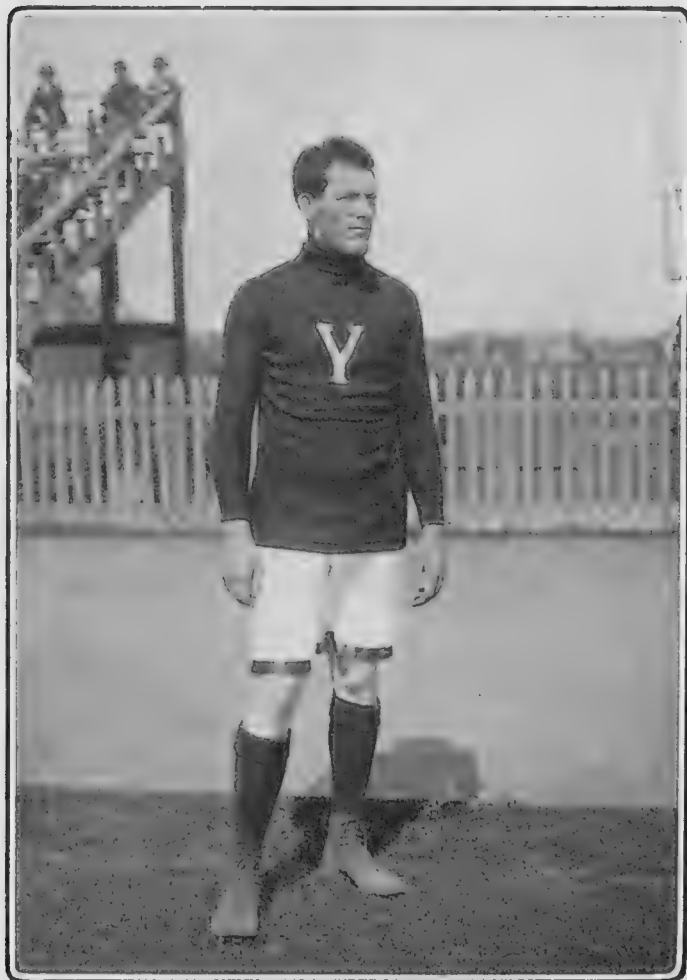
WHO WILL MEET THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE TEAMS ON JULY 23.



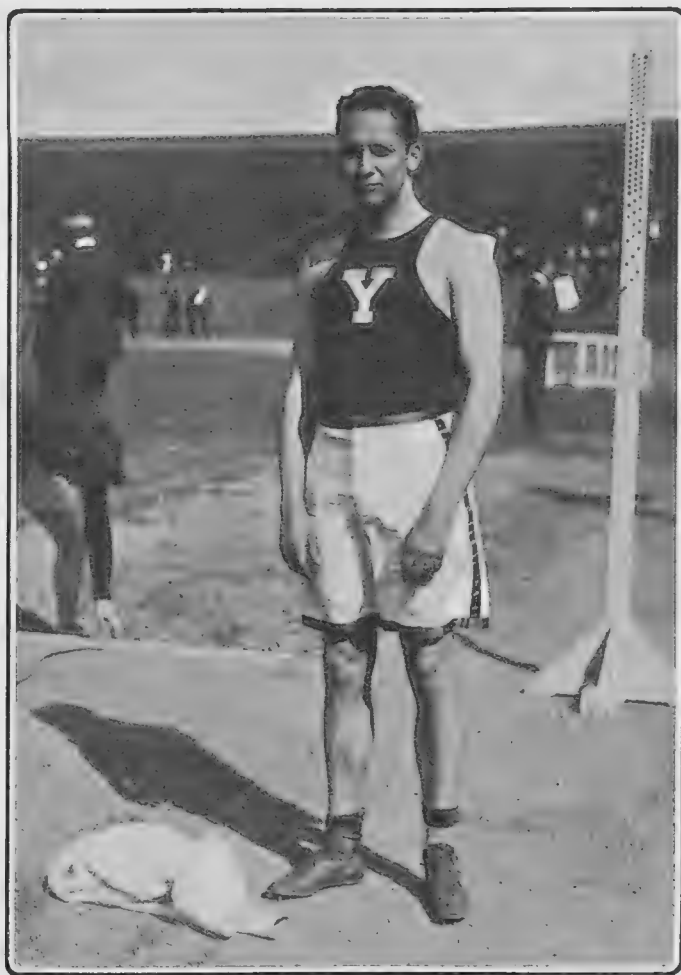
PARSONS, HALF-MILE RUNNER.



SCHICK, SPRINTER.

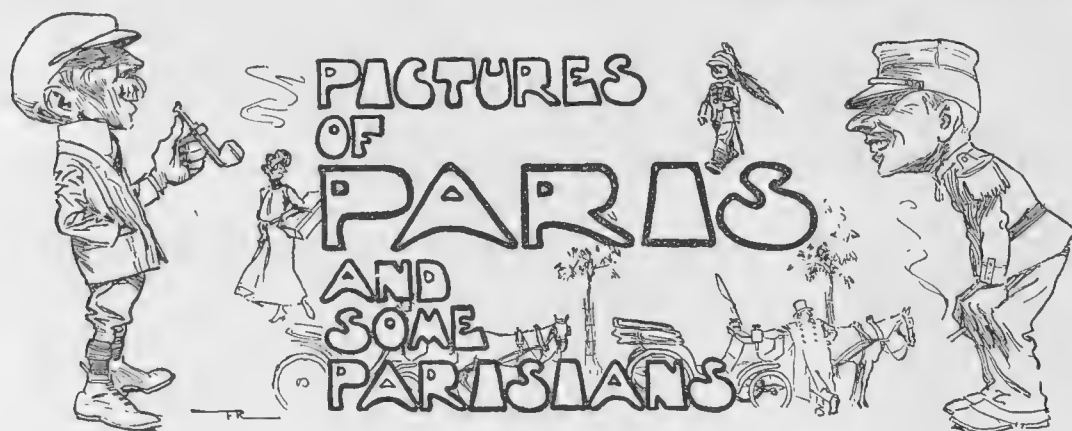


GLASS, HAMMER-THROWER.



VICTOR, HIGH-JUMPER.

*Photographs by the Pictorial News Company, New York.*



By JOHN N. RAPHAEL.

Illustrated by FRANK REYNOLDS, R.L.

## III.—"KOSHY."

"WE other moderns live," the Vicomte said, "of a rapidity all extraordinary. See, then, a wireless telegram from the old Hiram Peck, from full Atlantic. I shall be on the quay at Havre that I embrace him. So to the seeing. Au revoir, my friends."

"I think," said Mademoiselle next morning, trying not to look self-conscious, "that I should like to go and do a little shopping."

Between the three of us, we ought to be able to make ourselves understood, and I am sure that Harold can say 'combien' with a Paris accent."

"Wee," said Harold, knowing the language, "wee. Here, garson; combyang?" And he threw down a ten-franc piece and pocketed his change.

Of course, that was all right at the café, because we knew the garçon, and he didn't cheat us enough for us to notice it; but hitherto our shopping exploits sans Vicomte had been a little hampered by the fact that, although Harold could ask "combien" smartly enough, directly the shopkeeper began to tell us "com-

bien" we used to get into most fearful muddles as to whether it was "swossant-kings" or "swossant-sink," and whether it was "frongs" or centimes, and all sorts of other details. Harold considers to this day that a nation which can talk about a thing being worth seventy-five anything must necessarily be decadent, and everything in Paris certainly does cost quick-spoken francs and either seventy-five or eighty-five centimes, which is extremely aggravating to English-speaking folk.

But these remarks are somewhat immaterial, for, as it turned out, we didn't get to the shop that day at all.

"Koshy," said Harold, as we left the café, "koshy—I beg your pardon, *cochon*—no, it is koshy, and there's nothing to grin about, you fool."

Then we got into the cab. That was as far as we got for some time, because nobody had told the driver an address, and he apparently was in no hurry. He was a Robin-Redbreast cabman, large size—the kind that covers both of the lamps and bulges over into the cab behind him. He had a red face, four chins, and his glazed hat was at least two sizes small, several buttons of his robin-redbreast waistcoat were undone, and the eye of him was small and twinkling.

"Loover!" we all three shouted at once, suddenly rising to the situation; and "Hue, Cocotte!" said "koshy," lifting his Rosinante off the ground by the reins and re-depositing her some inches further on. Cocotte took the hint and ambled twenty-five yards. Then a man crossing the road in front of her blew his nose suddenly and she fell down.

A Paris cab-horse can fall down in a more complicated attitude of helplessness than anything on earth, and Cocotte managed to have one leg under her, another one over the traces—and even then she didn't choose the string one, which might have been cut, but tucked herself into the off-side leather trace—while her two other legs pointed appealingly towards the Madeleine and the Bastille.

Robin Redbreast got down leisurely from the box and began to talk. He told Cocotte that she was a kind of an imbecile of a stuffed tomato. He added a request for information to the world in general as to

whether it were not unfortunate, all the same, to have a Government like that. He then told the pastrycook's boy and the thirty or forty loiterers who had gathered around us that, "Ah, well, yes, if ever one has seen anything of equal, all the same! And, after all, I fish myself of it, me."

And then another cabman, with a white hat, a fawn-coloured coat, a yellow carriage, and an absent-minded manner, locked wheels with the wreck, and we began to see life.

The crowd was terrific, and the oratorical powers displayed by Robin Redbreast and the man with the white hat were wonderful. I saw Harold surreptitiously take notes upon his shirt-cuff, and was just wondering whether he had grasped the fact that the white-hatted man had called his comrade a kind of a saucepan of a Japanese telephonist, when the policemen came.

There were two Sergeants of the Town, one white-moustached, red-faced, and full of body, the other long and spare, except as far as language was concerned, and both were gloriously energetic. Before anybody could have said "knife"—and I don't think anybody really wanted to say it, although most of the eighty or ninety people present had a good deal to say—before anybody could have said "knife," I repeat, the long policeman had cornered an old lady, who was just asking me for information, up against the lamp-post, and had taken down her name and address. His comrade was by that time acting as shuttlecock between White Hat and Robin Redbreast, who were arguing as to the respectability of their individual sisters and gesticulating wildly over his head and all about him. Then the pastrycook's boy gave his version of the affair, was cheered by the crowd, and suddenly rushed out of it by Short-and-Fat.

Meanwhile, the spare policeman was trying to spell Harold's name, but gave it up, and took down three or four other names instead, on general principles.

And then, just as we thought that we were going to be removed to a loathsome dungeon—for, though we couldn't understand quite what was going on, things looked threatening and the traffic had been stopped within a radius of several hundred yards—Cocotte got up while nobody was looking at her, turned round, and laughed. She was a white mare with a very bony face, and Mademoiselle said that she reminded her of a maiden aunt of Harold's to whom she had been presented.

And then we all got into the cab again. Robin Redbreast made a repair or two with some pieces of borrowed string, and we drove off.



He was a Robin-Redbreast Cabman.



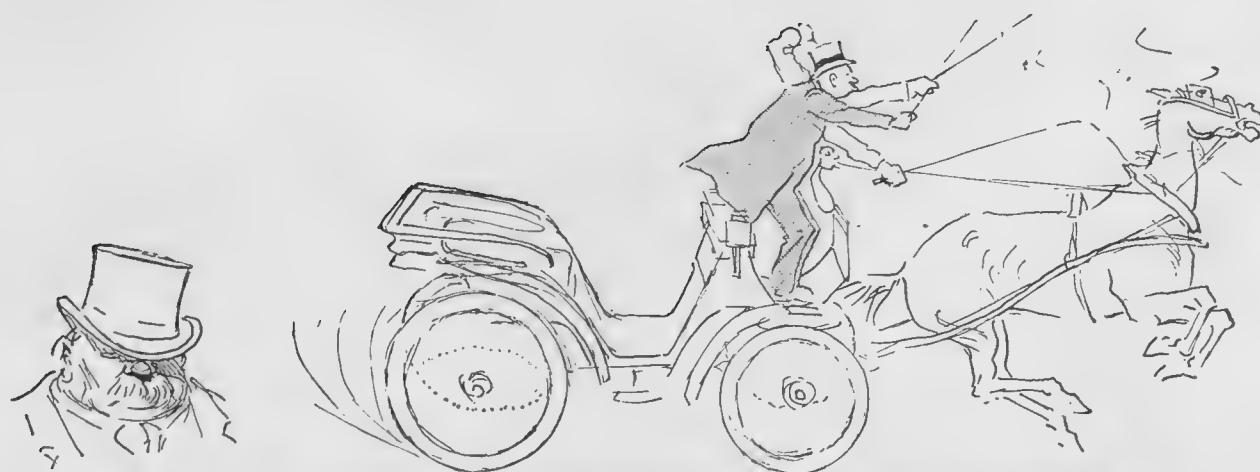
The Policemen came.

It was too late for the Louvre, so we went to the hôtel. The Vicomte was right. We do "live of a rapidity all extraordinary" here in Paris, for the incident had not taken quite two hours, and only cost us one-franc-fifty and a pourboire of twopence-halfpenny.



# *Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians.*

*By Frank Reynolds, R.I.*



"KOSHY"

## A NEW CLUB FOR WOMEN WORKERS: OPENING OF "THE LYCEUM."

CLUBLAND has had of late to submit to a formidable feminine invasion, and Dover Street, once the sure and safe retreat of those men-about-town whose world consisted of St. James's and Mayfair, has been aptly nicknamed "Petticoat Lane," for it is the stronghold—the capital, as it were—of feminine Clubland. It has, however, remained for the energetic and powerful founders of the Lyceum Club to actually secure a site in Piccadilly itself, and, what is more, in the pleasantest part of that historic thoroughfare.

No. 128, Piccadilly, rivals in splendour of appearance and vastness of accommodation many of the London Clubs whose names have become household words. The new home of the Lyceum was once the quarters of the Imperial Service Club, and, as members of the "I.S.C." will remember, everything is arranged on a magnificent scale, particularly pleasant being the great reception-rooms which command delightful views of the Green Park.

The Lyceum Club makes a rather special appeal to women workers, and the founders hope soon to enrol among their members all the more prominent, as also every modest beginner in the wide fields of literature, art, and science, including medicine. Hence the most important feature of the Club will be an Information Bureau, where members will be assisted in their several professions by a constant supply of accurate information concerning the placing, the publishing, and the exhibiting of their work. To give one example: for the convenience of literary members of the Lyceum a complete register of editors and publishers throughout the world will be compiled; and here also will be found full particulars of the class of literary work they accept, with the rates and times of payment. A section of the register will be of especial value to translators.

The newest of the many new schemes which have been started in connection with the Club concerns its cosmopolitan character. Five hundred American, foreign, and Colonial members are to be admitted to all the privileges of membership on payment of an annual subscription of one guinea, without entrance-fee, and it is hoped that in time the Lyceum will have branches and Club-houses in every capital in Europe.

Miss Constance Smedley, herself a brilliant young writer—very cordial was the reception awarded to her book, "An April Princess," by both critics and public alike—deserves the credit of having not only evolved the idea, but carried to a triumphant conclusion the Lyceum Club. As Honorary Secretary, she has borne most of the heat and burden of the day, though she has had admirable helpers in the various members of her Executive Committee, of which the Chairwoman is Lady Frances Balfour, and the Vice-Chair Mrs. Moberly Bell, the wife of the Manager of the *Times*. The Committee is remarkably representative of the modern worker, for it includes not only

Mrs. Craigie and Lady Lugard, but also Mrs. Stanley Boyd, M.D., Madame Starr Canziani, and Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch.

In addition to the Executive Committee are various other Committees, particularly strong being that representing the United States, for here we find the names of Mrs. H. Burnett, of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, of Jeanette L. Gilder, of Elizabeth Marbery, and of Alice Hegan Rice.

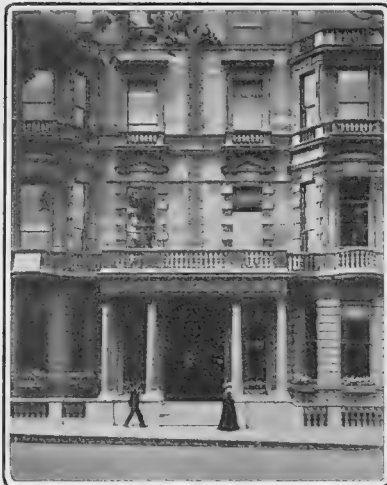
The Lyceum Club will in no sense resemble a certain famous institution where, if the thinking was high, the living was remarkably plain, for in the matter of catering the newest of the great Club-houses of Piccadilly may be a formidable rival to even the most noted of dining Clubs. The Committee have had before them the difficult task of suiting two very different types of member—she who is wealthy and she who works, in a very real sense, for her bread. Accordingly, in the dining-rooms *table-d'hôte* luncheons and dinners will be served at separate prices and from menus of which a choice will be made before entering. At the Lyceum a member may lunch for as little as ninepence or for as much as three shillings. She may enjoy an appetising dinner that costs her only fifteenpence, or she may entertain a friend and herself to a more elaborate repast, the cost for both being half-a-sovereign. All the usual menu extras, which are, as a rule, far from cheap in other parts of modern Clubland,

are here studiously low in price; thus, the worker's best friend, black coffee, may be had at twopence a cup.

Music—that art so seldom represented in any corporate sense—is especially evident at the Lyceum, and several of the distinguished women composers who were among the first to join the Club have suggested that the Information Bureau should organise a series of

concerts for them, of which the programme shall consist of the work of international members. Three distinguished men in the London musical world have promised to judge any composition before it is included in the programme. Thus it is hoped that the Lyceum concerts will have a real artistic value. Perhaps one should hasten to add that these concerts will not take place in the Club-house, but in one of the well-known suite of concert-rooms. The artists have not been forgotten by the organisers of the Bureau, and the Lyceum pledges itself to act in the financial interests of its members, making no charge, for instance, for the organisation of a one-man show beyond the actual cost incurred.

It only remains to be said that membership of the Lyceum Club is limited to women of any nationality who have published (a) any original work in literature, journalism, science, art, or music; (b) who have University qualifications; (c) who are wives or daughters of men distinguished in any of the branches of work already referred to. Associate membership can be obtained by lady students over twenty years of age who are pursuing a course of study at College.



EXTERIOR OF THE LYCEUM CLUB, PICCADILLY.



THE FIRST-FLOOR LANDING, LEADING TO DINING AND WRITING ROOMS.  
Photographed for "The Sketch."



A NEW CLUB FOR WOMEN WORKERS: OPENING OF "THE LYCEUM."



THE DINING-ROOM.



THE WRITING-ROOM.

*Photographed for "The Sketch."*

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

HAVE we had too much Stevenson? A clever Transatlantic critic maintains that we have, and implores those who have further details about Stevenson in Scotland, Stevenson at College, Stevenson in London, Stevenson in Belgium, Stevenson in France, Stevenson in America, Stevenson in Samoa, to withhold their hands and graciously to spare us. Already, it is contended, the shadow of Stevenson lies too heavy upon pages of our amateurs in literature. The young *littérateurs* who are forming themselves upon Stevenson have studied closely the precise proportions of nouns, verbs, adjectives, colour-words, and figurative terms to put into their mixture, and the result is a style which would have driven Stevenson himself either to suicide or to justifiable homicide.

But, according to this critic, the chief calamity of Stevenson's influence is that he has led writers who are largely commonplace to give large doses of their own personality after the manner of the master. To give of one's personality is legitimate enough when the personality is charming. It was so with Stevenson, but is it so with the moralists who try to sail in his wake? The result of their efforts is paragraphs like the following—

In this crowded world, where every man touches the elbows of his fellows a thousand times a day, each soul dwells incommunicably alone.

Though friendship be the treasure of time, love is the treasure of eternity.

Let us rid ourselves of conventions and speak eye to eye and heart to heart, deep answering deep.

There are three things no power on earth can shake, the mountain on its granite base, the glittering pinnacle of heaven, and the faith of a woman in the man she loves.

There is some truth in all this. It is not desirable that the list of books on Stevenson should immediately be increased. We can wait even for Mr. Sidney Colvin, and I understand he means that we shall wait. But I fancy the influence of Stevenson in the matter of style has passed away in this country, and that even to a regrettable extent. It was the fashion ten years ago to make much of style. The manner of saying a thing was counted more important than the thing itself. There was a violent reaction, and I could name one or two of Stevenson's most promising pupils who now exult in their emancipation from the thralldom in which he bound them. Nothing is more marked in contemporary literature than the bleaching of style. Clever essayists like Mr. Gilbert Chesterton take no pains with their expression. As for personality, it should be noted that the moralisings given above express no personality, and that is their fault. It is still right to say that personality is the great attraction to readers, if we understand what personality in literature means. It means that a writer shall set down what he has seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. Such personality will always be the salt of literature, come what may. Stevenson saw deeper, heard more quickly, phrased his expressions more deftly than the ordinary writer, but the ordinary writer will come to his best by being his best self—neither a plodding compiler nor a slavish imitator. It is true that for the manufacture of platitudes, moral or otherwise, a strong right arm suffices.

One of the most pleasing of recent books is "The Letters which Never Reached Him," issued by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. There is a fine,

pensive touch about it which has been rare in fiction recently, and the severe restraint of the style by no means diminishes the impression of sincerity and depth. I understand that the book was first published in German. It is the work of an English lady married to a well-known German diplomatist. It had a great success in Germany, which is not altogether surprising to those who know the German taste in sentiment. The author wrote the book in German, and has herself translated it into English.

The new novel by an anonymous writer, published by Mr. Murray under the title of "The Greatness of Josiah Porlick," is understood to be the work of Paul Neumann. This is by no means the first venture of Mr. Neumann in fiction, and he has written some striking poems which have appeared in the *Spectator* and elsewhere. He is also editor of a recently established weekly paper.

The action of Australia in taxing English and American magazines demands attention. A notice from the Department of Trades and Customs, Melbourne, has been issued to the Colonial booksellers, in which it is stated that, in view of the growing practice of enclosing in magazines, &c., sent to Australia, post-cards and advertising leaflets, and thus escaping the duty thereon, the Minister has directed that attention should be called to the fact that such practice renders the magazines containing dutiable enclosures, as well as the enclosures themselves, liable to seizure. Sir William Lyne maintains that English magazines attract advertisements away from the Commonwealth, and that "we have abundant good literary talent among our own people competent to bring out first-class publications." The idea seems to be that of establishing, by means of protection, a native Australian literature, to "protect" Australian printers and stationers. The increase of Colonial trade during the recent depressed years of publishing in this country has been one of the few encouragements of British publishers and authors, and it will be nothing short of a calamity if Australia does anything to check a form of commerce which more than any other binds the new country to the old. Doubtless the Publishers' Association will consider what steps can be taken to prevent the threatened injury.

Book-collectors must have noticed how the practice of issuing large-paper editions of books has disappeared. It was quite usual some years ago to print fifty or a hundred large-paper copies of books by certain authors. Second-hand catalogues show that these large-paper copies are now in small esteem and sell at very moderate prices. Thus a large-paper edition of Mr. Lang's "Ballads in Blue China," Levant morocco, uncut, one of fifty copies, is offered for fifteen shillings. The fact is that the large-paper copies were inconvenient. On the other hand, the price of second-hand books seems to advance steadily, and "grangerised" books, if the grangerising is skilfully done, are in great demand. Thus a copy of Caroline Fox's Journal with about a hundred and fifteen portraits inserted is offered for £6 15s.

Books published in small editions tend to increase in value. Thus Walter Pater's Essays from the *Guardian*, of which Mr. Gosse printed a hundred copies, now sells at the enormous price of £7 10s. Books illustrated by great artists are in good demand, Tenniel and Leech being great favourites.

O. O.



LORD AVEBURY (SIR JOHN LUBBOCK).

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## THREE NEW BOOKS.

## "THE QUEEN'S QUAIR."

By MAURICE HEWLETT.  
(Macmillan. 6s.)

For Mary Stuart uncompromising history has done its worst; spell-bound romance has done its best. Truth, no doubt, lies still at the bottom of the well, and, in despair of ever recovering it, we may choose between the harsh historical bolus or the gilded romantic pill. When we are for romance, the latter is the more acceptable, and in a critical age it lends additional charm to the

varnished tale when the novelist has the cunning to avoid partisan bigotry and to weave his palliative fabric from the hints that history affords but cannot verify. Over the Queen of Scots our author may well have exclaimed, parodying a romancer in verse, "Maurice Hewlett, you teller of tales, here's a subject made to your hand!" Although the scene lies mainly in Scotland, the Scottish Court of Mary had enough flavour of France and Italy to tempt the writer of the "Little Novels," and the end justifies the means. He is anxious to do his best for Mary, and, without undue exaltation, and with a just recognition of her imprudences if



MR. MAURICE HEWLETT, AUTHOR OF  
"THE QUEEN'S QUAIR."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

not of her sins, he contrives to give one of the most amiable pictures ever presented of a Queen who, although scarcely a martyr, was deeply sinned against. To Mr. Hewlett's credit, he is not one of those who see in Knox the evil star of Mary's destiny. A book wherein the workmanship bears so many resemblances to the manner of Carlyle could hardly mistake the character of the "Hero as Priest," and the Knox of "The Queen's Quair" is Carlyle's jest-loving, shrewd, well-to-live Knox, with a pipe of Rhenish in his cellar for a friend. Mr. Hewlett just hints, too, at that most fascinating riddle, "Might not Knox and Mary have made a match of it?" There is tolerable evidence that the Reformer was smitten with the Queen; the novelist would persuade us that at one moment, had he spoken, the divine might have won her. This rhapsody of the Queen of Scots soars in three flights. The first "Maid's adventure" brings the Queen, with her four Maries, from France to attempt the right ruling of Scotland. The narrator has his forces in hand at once, and is instantly persuasive. The voyage the Englishman may manage well enough; for the landing we trembled, knowing not where we might arrive, but not for long, for it is in Scotland, sure enough, that Mr. Hewlett sets us down. "This tragic essay," runs the tribute dedicatory, "is inspired, by his permission and with reason, to Andrew Lang." Whatever dark meaning lurks there, the *mise-en-scène* is marvellously exact.

The characters, truly drawn and vital, all of them, make fine play through the first Act, which conducts Châtelard—egregious ass that he was—to the block and Mary to the arms of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, man, to outward seeming, yet not man enough for her. Bothwell is in the background, Moray villain of the piece, Lethington corresponds with England and trifles, an elderly amorist, with Mary Fleming, little Monsieur des-Essars, of *le Secret des Secrets*, chimes in as chorus, Signior David Riccio arrives and comes into favour. The chapter, "Air of St. Andrew," brings with it the sting of the eastern sea-breeze, the ineffable atmosphere of "the haunted town"; but, curiously, though rightly enough, there is no glimpse either of golf or of the University. We get this picture of the informal Court in South Street—

At Saint Andrews the Queen lodged in a plain house, where simplicity was the rule, and she kept no state. The ladies wore short kirtles and hoods for their heads; gossiped with fishwives on the shore, shot at butts, rode out with hawks over the dunes, coursed hares, walked the sands of the bay when the sea was down. The long evenings were spent in needlework or books; or one sang, or told a tale of France—of

*Garin de Montglane* or the *Enfances Vivien*. Looking back each upon his life in after years, Adam Gordon was sure that he had loved her best in her bodice of snow and grey petticoat; Des-Essars when, with hair blown back and eyes alight, she had led the chase over the marsh and looked behind her, laughing, to call him nearer. She was never mistress of herself on horseback, but stung always by some divine tenant to be—or to seem—the most beautiful, most baleful, most merciless of women. And although her hues varied in the house, so did not her powers. She was tender there to a fault, sensitive to change as a filmy wing, with quick little touches, little sighs, lowering of eyelids, smiles half seen, provoking cool lips, long searching looks. She meant no harm—but consider Monsieur de Châtelard, drawn in as a pigeon to the lure!—she must always bewitch something, girl or boy, poet or little dog; and, indeed, there was not one of these youths now about her who was not crazy with love.

The second book, "Men's Business," sees Riccio out in a long scream of "O Dio! O Dio!" as the assassins do their work outside the Queen's door; it sees Bothwell, always potent, stronger for knowing how to bide his time and play the master; it sees Darnley scorned and estranged. Book three, "Market of Women," leads us to Kirk of Field and yet another version of the blowing-up of Darnley—another—but this, we remember, is romance, and no part of History's business. The Bothwell marriage, Carbery, and the terrible happenings after the Queen's surrender make fit epilogue, as far as Mr. Hewlett takes us for the present, but it is to be hoped he will not, in a future volume, stop short of Fotheringay. He, if any, has the eye and the hand for that last scene, without which "The Queen's Quair" would miss of just effect.

"THE END OF THE SONG,  
AND OTHER STORIES."

By THE COUNTESS OF  
CROMARTIE.  
(Hutchinson. 6s.)

The professional manufacturers of novels will soon be crying out for some literary Mr. Chamberlain to protect them from the competition of the Countesses. For, seriously, Lady Cromartie has the gift, that magical power of story-telling which the freakish fairies seem to withhold or bestow at their fancy, and for the confusion of all publishers. Therefore, her Ladyship, in spite of her Ladyship's ladyship, or rather, leaving her ladyship wholly out of account in this connection, is to be heartily welcomed to the Republic of Letters. It is not only that she has an intense love of the old Celtic times, those spacious days when men were magnificent in their passions, which make our modern civilisation look pitifully mean and huckstering by contrast; but she has the art of bringing that romantic past down into the prosaic present, the ugliness of which she redeems with wonderful reincarnations of Gaelic Kings, Princesses, and harpers. Among the most striking of these short stories is "One o' the Sea Folk," as vivid and eerie as any werewolf legend of the Harz Mountains; but, indeed, each story has its own individuality, its own "atmosphere." Lady Cromartie has a natural, simple, yet distinguished style; there is no effort, no straining after effect, but the easy, firm touch which comes to some writers only after years of patient labour. Yet this is her first book.

"THE CORNER IN  
COFFEE."

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.  
(Putnam. 6s.)

Those chapters dealing strictly with the business side of this novel—the making and the breaking of the "corner"—are quite excellent, but "après cela (et avant) le déluge." With the exception of Elijah D. Tillottson and his rare old partner, Colonel Pinckney Tolliver Johnstone, a Southern gentleman, the characterisation is poor, and even the heroine, Miss Livingstone, for whom such gallant deeds are performed, is a somewhat shadowy creation. As to the English Lord, the Hon. Reginald with a purchased title, a blend of extraordinary stupidity and great chivalry, such a type of our supposed English aristocracy could only exist in the brain of an American. Mr. Tillottson, having been styled a fortune-hunter by Miss Livingstone's brother, resolves, before approaching her again, to make ten million dollars in two months by means of a "corner" in coffee. Partly owing to private information in his possession with regard to the supplies of coffee from Brazil, he is successful in cornering coffee, only to learn at the last minute that his success spells Miss Livingstone's ruin, as her brother had, without her knowledge, appropriated her money and used it in a vain attempt to break the corner. At once, Mr. Tillottson resolves, the corner must be broken at any cost, and he stands over his broker with a pistol (the broker will lose everything with the breaking of the corner) and forces him to issue orders to start selling. This scene is well done, but the moment the author leaves the Coffee Market his narrative fades into unreality. "An Earlier Episode in the Life of Mr. Tillottson," which forms a complete story at the end of the volume, describes a "courting" incident of Mr. Tillottson's youth, and testifies to the author's greater skill in the handling of a short sketch. As a play; if well constructed (the dramatisation has apparently already been made), "The Corner in Coffee" would probably have a greater chance of success than it has in its present form.

AFTER THE MOTOR-TRIP: STARR WOOD DREAMS A DREAM.



"You wait till we get on the level, Aunt."  
"I will if I can, Horace."



THE SUDDEN RISE OF JAPAN: JOHN HASSALL WAXES EDUCATIONAL.



GHOST OF JAPANESE WARRIOR: "MY SON!"

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT.

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL.



YOUNG men, however well furnished in the matter of brains, are apt to make errors of judgment. It is one of the penalties under which youth is made to labour; otherwise youth would possess even a larger proportion of the advantages of this world than it now unfairly enjoys. Such an error of judgment was made by young Peter Beauchamp when he called Sir Henry Budd "a pompous old ass," not exactly to his face, but in such a manner that the criticism reached the ears of its object, as, indeed, it was intended to. The error did not lie in the view taken of Sir Henry's characteristics. The opinion itself was no error at all. Universally held opinions seldom are. The mistake lay in the manner of its imparting, and Peter Beauchamp did not discover it until he saw Sir Henry's daughter. Then he became justly annoyed with himself.

Sir Henry Budd was what is called a self-made man. That is to say, he was responsible for his own development from an obstinate, self-centred, poor man, who, for his own advantage, was obliged to curb his tyrannous instincts, into an opinionated old one, with a large number of people dependent on his whims; and, however much he may have congratulated himself on the change, the world at large was scarcely the happier for it. He had his good points, however: he seldom bullied his wife, and his only daughter never. (He had tried to do so once after her childhood had passed, but that episode does not come into this story.) Consequently, the more objectionable points of his character were hidden from those two ladies.

Sir Henry Budd, having lived for sixty-five years without setting foot in any country other than his own, had taken it into his head to pay a visit to America, where he had heard that a certain faint interest was shown by a section of the populace in matters of commerce, and to see for himself something of the methods employed.

So he had booked berths for himself, his wife, and his daughter on the *Campania*, and joined the boat at Queenstown, determined to show all and sundry whom he might meet on his travels that Sir Henry Budd, Knight, was as good a man as any of them, and a good deal better than most. By the same boat travelled young Peter Beauchamp, bent upon getting all the fun that was possible out of a trip round the world.

It was on the first evening out that the error of judgment referred to was made. Peter Beauchamp was sitting, after dinner, in a compartment of the smoking-room with two or three other young men, when Sir Henry Budd joined the party, uninvited, sank heavily into a vacant seat, fetched an opulent-looking cigar out of a plethoric case, and placed an order for liquid refreshment in a manner calculated to show a harassed steward that, amongst all his many masters, there was one, at least, who was not to be trifled with.

The young men were talking politics, not, perhaps, with any great grasp either of principle or detail, but hardly with such complete lack of knowledge as to justify Sir Henry Budd, whose views did not coincide with theirs, in breaking rudely into the conversation, and giving them to understand that he had listened to a good deal of nonsense in his time, but had only then and there realised the fulness of folly that could issue out of the mouths of persons presumably sane. He then proceeded to a disquisition on the subject in question, which was received for the most part in silence, an attempt on the part of one of the young men to treat his conclusions as, at least, debatable being met with extreme impatience; and the lecture lasted until a rather heavy roll of the ship, which had been gathering movement, forced upon the lecturer the consciousness that the internal arrangements of his body, if not of his brain, were subject to revision, and detached him from the company, which by this time was heartily sick of him.

It was at this point that Peter Beauchamp made use of the expression already quoted. It was the revolt of critical youth against dogmatic age. As Sir Henry Budd staggered to his feet, and, with one hand on a supporting post of oak, prepared to launch himself across the tilting floor, Peter Beauchamp said, in a low but clear voice, "Pompous old ass!"

Sir Henry Budd turned round and fixed him with his eye. "I shall remember you, young man," he said, coldly, and then a heaving lurch sent him reeling out of the saloon in search of his cabin and the safety of recumbency.

Peter Beauchamp had forgotten all about the self-important old man whom he had offended when he came on deck early the next

morning to gain an appetite for breakfast by a brisk half-hour's promenade of the shifting deck. The sky was clear and the sun bright, but the great ship was rolling and pitching as she rode the Atlantic rollers, and the majority of her passengers were either suffering patiently in their berths or preparing themselves uncomfortably for a later appearance. Only one other besides himself seemed to have felt the storm of the night and the motion of the ship so little as to come up on deck for an early morning promenade, and that was a girl in a neat costume of brown tweed, in whose clear skin, bright eye, and slender, active figure all the health and

vigour of her twenty years seemed to have materialised.

The young man eyed her with growing admiration as they passed and repassed, stamping smartly along the shining deck; and an occasional side-glance seemed to show that his interest in her personality was reciprocated in so far as was becoming in a young woman of good breeding.

By-and-by, when Peter Beauchamp was beginning to think it rather absurd that he and she should be pacing up and down the deck in opposite directions when it would be so much pleasanter to walk side by side, a more than usually heavy roll threw the girl off her feet and against the bulwarks. This happened just at their point of meeting, and Peter was instantly at her side, expressing fervent hopes that she had not hurt herself. It appeared that she had not; but the inquiry was permitted to serve as an introduction, and the pair finished their walk in company.

They got on surprisingly well, and learnt a good deal about one another during the short interval that remained before the bugle summoned them to the breakfast-table. One important fact, however, about his companion Peter Beauchamp failed to gather, and that was that she was the daughter of the gentleman whom he had called "pompous old ass," practically to his face, the night before.

This disturbing piece of information was mercifully withheld from him until after he had enjoyed almost a whole morning in Miss Beatrix Budd's society. Part of it was spent in company with her mother, who was led upon deck shortly after breakfast and encamped in a sheltered corner, with plentiful provision in the way of cushions, shawls, and rugs. Peter Beauchamp was fortunate in being at hand to carry part of this paraphernalia from the companion-way into the open, and Lady Budd accepted his assistance then and his continued presence thereafter in a way which caused him to congratulate himself heartily.

Lady Budd was a mild, placid lady, so overshadowed by the importance of her husband that her conversation never ran on for long together without mention of "Sir Henry." Sir Henry, it now appeared, had had a very bad night, but hoped to be well enough to appear at luncheon. She supposed that some people would say that she ought to be looking after him herself, but he had told her on no account to leave the deck as long as it was bright, which was very good of him. And he was very well off in the hands of his valet (pronounced "valley"), who had been with him a number of years and knew his ways—such a comfort, that. So the good lady prattled on, and Peter Beauchamp listened politely and made assenting remarks in the proper places, and, altogether, created an admirable impression, so that his reward, in the shape of an occasional *lête-à-lête* walk with Miss Beatrix during the morning hours seemed only natural in view of the generally friendly relations established.

The first hint of coming disaster was conveyed to him when he discovered the name of his newly found friends. He had been vainly endeavouring to acquire this information all the morning, but could not summon up courage to ask the question point-blank. At last it occurred to him to consult the list of passengers which he had in his cabin. He made an excuse to go below, and then discovered that the only "Sir Henry" on board was Sir Henry Budd, who was travelling with Lady Budd, Miss Budd, a maid, and a valet. The name struck him ominously, he could not have told why. For the first time since it had occurred, his little passage of arms of the evening before rose to his mind, and the figure of the overbearing old man whose behaviour had caused it seemed to stand before him, crying aloud, "I am Sir Henry Budd!"

He put the horrid suspicion away from him and returned on deck. A little later, he found opportunity to say to Miss Beatrix Budd, "I hope I shall get on well with your father."

"Oh, I expect you will," she said, with a little laugh, "as long as you listen politely to what he has to say, and don't contradict him. He doesn't like that. There was a young man who was abominably rude to him in the smoking-room last night. He was very angry."



Peter's heart sank into his boots.

At lunch-time Sir Henry Budd appeared at table with his wife and daughter. When the meal was over, he shouldered his way through the outgoing crowd towards Peter, who saw fell resolve in his eye and incontinently fled.

The young man accepted battle a little later, on deck. He manoeuvred his adversary into a momentarily deserted corner and stood to receive him.

"Hi, you, sir!" said Sir Henry, panting up to him. "You have had the impudence to poke yourself into acquaintance with my wife and daughter. Kindly keep away for the future. I'm not going to have every young cad on the ship hanging round them."

A full apology at this juncture might possibly have smoothed out the situation, but Peter had Irish blood in his veins and the provocation was too great to admit of the soft answer.

"If you were a younger man I'd knock you down," he said, hotly.

"I dare say you'd try to, and I'd have you locked up for it," retorted Sir Henry, turning on his heel. "Just you keep out of my way for the future."

Peter gulped down his wrath. His adversary held the winning cards.

When he passed the Budd encampment, shortly after, Sir Henry being below, Lady Budd looked away and fumbled nervously among her cushions. Not so Miss Beatrix. She looked directly at and through him, and Peter held his back straight with difficulty.

But he did not quite relinquish hope. He lay in wait for her throughout the afternoon, and, at last, achieved the feat of coming smartly round a corner and running plump into her.

His cap was off in an instant. "Oh, I am so sorry! I say, may I say something to you?" he gasped, all in one breath.

The girl looked him straight in the face for the second time. "I think you are making some mistake," she said, and left him.

After that, he could do nothing but pass her as frequently as possible, and gaze at her, as often as he did so, with a look which was at the same time imploring, deprecatory, admiring, pained, and doggily faithful. Its multitudinous meanings were apparently completely lost on her, for she did not appear to notice him.

That evening, the customary insinuating busybody who is to be found amongst every collection of ship's passengers began to make arrangements for a vocal and instrumental concert, to be held two days later, in aid of a seamen's charity. Peter Beauchamp had some reputation in London as a musical amateur, and there were those on board who knew it. He was asked to sing.

"I will with pleasure if you can find me an accompanist," he said.

"That will be easy enough," said the entrepreneur, and booked him for two songs.

It turned out not to be so very easy, after all. There were doubtless many competent accompanists among the few hundred passengers, but they did not come forward, and the matter was left in abeyance for the present.

Peter Beauchamp was on deck early the next morning. So was Miss Beatrix Budd, and he hoped against hope that the new-born day might give him another chance of reinstating himself. The girl was walking with another young man, with whom she appeared to be on the best of terms. This young man was one of the party to whom Sir Henry Budd had discoursed politics two evenings before. He gave Peter "Good-morning" as he came on deck, and paused as if to give him the opportunity of joining them. Miss Beatrix walked straight on with her head in the air, and the young man hurried after her. Peter took his constitutional on the other side of the deck, a prey to bitter thoughts.

"I say, old man," said his friend, afterwards; "she's a topper, that girl. But what have you done to offend her? She told me she didn't wish to have anything to do with you."

"What have I done?" exclaimed Peter, angrily. "Why, she's the daughter of that old blitherer who bored us all the other night. You were in it as much as I was."

The other young man whistled. "By Jove!" he said. "You've put your foot in it. I'm going to get her Mamma a cushion," and he hurried off.

The busybody now approached Peter. "I have got an accompanist at last," he said. "Come into the music-room and try over your songs."

It was a very sore young man who disinterred an album of songs



PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1904: AS SEEN BY R. C. CARTER.—I. "THE PROPOSAL ACCEPTED,"

With profound apologies to Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A.

from his cabin-trunk and made his way to the music-room a few minutes later. There he found a middle-aged young lady with a stringy voice in the act of presenting somebody vocally with the sweetest flower that blows, which, she explained, although it might, by an unobservant recipient, be mistaken for a rose, was in reality her heart. The best part of the performance was the accompaniment, which was played by Miss Beatrix Budd.

When the song was over, and the singer had explained diffidently that she required the accompaniment hurried up a little in this place and retarded in that, the busybody said, "Miss Budd, will you be kind enough to play an accompaniment for Mr. Beauchamp?"

Miss Budd ignored the implied introduction.

"I think," she said, coldly, "as I am to accompany Mr. Seeley and Miss Robinson, as well as Herr Wissenschmidt on the violin, I shall have enough to do. Can't you find somebody else?"

"My dear lady," said the busybody, clasping two fat hands imploringly, "it is an extraordinary thing, but I really can't! There isn't a soul."

"You've got a solo-pianist, haven't you?" asked the girl.

"Yes," said the busybody. "But Belloni! I couldn't ask him to play accompaniments, you know. He wouldn't do it. We are very fortunate to get him at all. Now, do, pray, be good-natured!"

Miss Beatrix turned impatiently towards the piano. "Very well," she said, ungraciously; "but I can only play easy things."

"My dear young lady," protested the busybody, "you played Wissenschmidt's accompaniments *superbly*!"

"I knew them," she said, shortly, and sat waiting, with her hands in her lap.

"Thank you very much," said Peter, in a low voice, as he put a piece of music in front of her. It was "The Song of the Bow," which could not be said to present any great difficulties to a pianist who had rattled off her part of the Kreutzer Sonata in a way to draw guttural compliments from the German violinist who had performed it with her.

The pianist's skill, however, seemed to have deserted her. She stumbled atrociously over the introductory bars, and, when Peter's fine baritone broke in, she stumbled still worse. He struggled on to the end, but his efforts were entirely spoiled. He was hurried unmercifully in the slower parts of the song, and kept poised for an undue length of time on high, sustained notes while she spelled out the accompanying phrases with careful attention.

At the end of the song, the busybody, with his head nervously on one side, suggested further practice. Peter, without a word, put his second song on the music-stand. "Any school-girl could play this," he said.

But Miss Beatrix apparently could not. She made a worse hash of it than of the other, though one would have thought she must have been hard put to it to invent mistakes, for the accompaniment was chiefly one of simple chords. A simple chord, however, played quite decisively but with one wrong note in it is disturbing.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind trying them over once or twice before to-morrow evening?" said Peter, when the infliction was over. His expression of face was not amiable.

"Yes, that will be the thing," said the busybody, who was not particularly observant. "Miss Budd plays so beautifully that I am sure it will be all right. I must go and find Belloni." And he hurried out of the room.

Miss Budd made as if to follow him, but Peter faced her squarely. "Are you going to play like that to-morrow night?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I shan't have time to practise," she replied.

"I don't want you to practise," said Peter. "Are you going to spoil my songs to-morrow?"

"If you don't like my accompaniments you had better find somebody else," said the girl.

"I shall not find somebody else," replied Peter, looking her straight in the face.

"I don't want to play your accompaniments," she said, angrily. "I don't want to have anything to do with you."

"I shall know whether I want to have anything more to do with you to-morrow evening," said Peter. After which cryptic utterance they left the room by separate doors.

The wrath of Sir Henry Budd burned furiously when he was informed that his daughter had undertaken to appear in the sight of all beholders in company with the young man who had earned his deepest resentment. It was met with cold determination.

"I shall certainly play his accompaniments, as I have promised to do so," said Miss Beatrix, in answer to a direct prohibition. "But you needn't be afraid. You will hear what you will hear."

"A nice thing!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "You to go hobnobbing with a fellow who has grossly insulted me!"

"You brought it on yourself, father," retorted the young lady. "I heard all about it from Mr. Melville."

This answer might have brought gratification to Peter Beauchamp if he had chanced to overhear it. It brought none to Sir Henry Budd, who could only splutter, in his wrath, that he washed his hands of the whole affair.

Peter Beauchamp no longer tried to meet and catch the eye of the lady who had scorned him. He betook himself to the smoking-room and played Bridge. During a short constitutional between rubbers in the afternoon, it was he who, meeting Miss Beatrix, kept a haughty front and an indifferent eye.

The next morning, the girl was on deck early. Peter made his first appearance at the breakfast-table. After breakfast, he walked for an hour in the company of a charming American, with whom he talked

and laughed gaily, especially when passing Miss Beatrix Budd. She did the same, with the assistance of the other young man.

At eleven o'clock, Peter began to play Bridge, and continued to do so until five o'clock, with an interval for luncheon. After tea he walked again, but alone. So did Miss Beatrix. Again they met somewhat awkwardly at a blind corner, but this time the collision was none of Peter's seeking. He lifted his cap coldly, apologised, and walked on. It occurred to him afterwards that the girl had waited for a further apology, but he could not be quite certain. She had certainly stamped her foot as they parted.

The hour of the concert arrived. It was little more than a recital by the great pianist, who was taking his muscles of steel and his profuse locks to America for the purpose of gain, and the eminent violinist, who was inwardly consumed with jealousy of him.

A song opened the proceedings, beautifully accompanied by Miss Beatrix Budd. Then came the violinist, and afterwards the unhappy middle-aged young lady, who found that her good-nature had involved her in comparisons which she would have preferred not to evoke. Then the great virtuoso played to an audience breathlessly silent, and, when the encore had been finally refused and the applause had died away, Peter Beauchamp stood up to sing.

Miss Beatrix, beautifully attired, took her seat at the piano just vacated by the great man, and rushed into the accompaniment of the song. She managed to make three more mistakes in the short introduction than she had achieved at her former attempt. Peter's face took on a look of firm determination, and he prepared to battle through to the end. If he was to be made to look like a fool before all those people, he would look as little like one as possible. His only consolation at the end of the performance was that the accompanist had covered herself with at least as much confusion as she had caused to be thrown upon him, and he was in a mood in which nothing would have pleased him better than to tell her so if he had had the chance.

The chance came a little later, but he did not avail himself of it. The performers sat together near the piano, Peter and Miss Beatrix at opposite ends of a long settee. During a painful performance on the banjo by a very young American gentleman, the great virtuoso, who had been soothing the qualms of the spinster lady with graceful politeness, turned to Peter and said, "I like to hear you sing. You use your brain, and your voice is musical. But your accompaniment was terrible. If you please, I will accompany you myself in your next song."

Then Peter risked everything—a second fiasco, and the probability of offending a man whom he would have given a good deal to know. "You do me a very great honour, Signor," he said; "but I am afraid it would be slighting a lady if I were to accept."

"As you please," said the musician, turning his back.

Peter stepped boldly up to the lady whom he had refused to slight. "Signor Belloni has offered to play my next accompaniment," he said.

She turned scarlet. "Very well," she replied; "I don't mind."

"But I refused," continued Peter. "I felt sure that you would play better this time." Then he returned to his former seat, leaving Miss Beatrix considerably flushed.

She did play the next accompaniment better. She played it perfectly. It was to a simple Irish song, full of melody and pathos, which was received with a burst of applause, louder even than those which had greeted the two professionals, and an insistent demand for an encore.

Then Peter did a very bold thing, considering the eminence of his fellow-performers. He put down on the music-stand no less a work than "The Erl King," and said, "Play that!"

And Miss Beatrix did play it, with a fire and grasp that could hardly have been excelled by Belloni himself. Peter's triumph was complete.

Perhaps, though, it was hardly complete enough to entitle him to go up to Miss Beatrix after the concert was over and to say to her boldly, "Why did you play that first accompaniment so disgracefully?"

She eyed him coldly. "That is hardly the way to speak to me," she said. "In fact, now that this is over, there is no necessity for you to speak to me again at all."

"I should like, at any rate, to thank you for playing the last two songs so splendidly," said Peter.

"Well, you can't do it now," she replied, somewhat inconsistently. "Here comes father, and he would be rude to you."

"Hang it all, when can I do it," said Peter, "if you are not going to speak to me again?"

"Father doesn't get up very early in the morning," she said, in a low voice, before she was whisked off by an irate, white-whiskered Knight, who cast upon Peter a look calculated to wither him on the spot, if he had not been in the process of adjusting his ideas to an entirely new development of affairs.

It is not necessary to record more than a fraction of the conversation which took place during a half-hour's promenade of the deck before breakfast the next morning. Peter was up and out early, but not very long before Miss Beatrix Budd made her appearance. The other young man was five or ten minutes late, and was given to understand that his company was not required.

The two of them were standing at the head of the companion-way. "But, dearest," Peter was saying, "what about that little error of judgment of mine that enraged your father the other night?"

"You needn't worry any more about that," was the reply. "I told him last night that it was his fault and he ought to apologise to you. He won't do so, but, when you tell him, you will find him quite tame."

"Tell me," said Peter. "Were you *really* very angry when you found out that it was I who was the culprit?"

Miss Beatrix gave a little laugh. "I knew it all the time," she said.

THE END.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE beginning of July marks the end of the theatrical season, for, though the shutters are not put up and the doors locked, the managers have more or less settled the dates of their last appearances and have begun to think of the graceful phrases in which they will return thanks for past favours during the season before announcing their plans for the autumn. Sir Charles Wyndham, for instance, is sure to close not later than the middle of July, for even last year, when "Mrs. Goring's Necklace" was in the full tide of success, he removed it from the bill in order to take his annual holiday on or about that date. Mr. George Alexander, too, is not likely to act much if any later, for, as he does not go on tour during the autumn, but intends to play at the St. James's, he will reopen early in September, so that his holiday must almost of necessity begin soon unless it is to be very much curtailed. Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry, having the Comedy until the end of the month, will probably go on acting "Sunday" until the termination of their season, when the theatre will close, to reopen, probably on the 1st of September, with Mr. Wilson Barrett in his latest successful play, "Happy Durham," for he has the theatre from Aug. 29. When the play is produced, Londoners will have the opportunity of seeing whether it bears any similarity to "The Crisis," which the late James Albery adapted from "Les Fourchambaults." Why Mr. Wilson Barrett, who has over and over again shown himself capable of initiating and carrying through the invention of an original play, should take the trouble to annex the work of another dramatist is a point upon which ample evidence would have to be forthcoming in order to give the charge any suspicion of credence. The fact is the more worth insisting upon in view of the circumstance that "The Crisis" was apparently not an overwhelming success at the time of its production.

Madame Bernhardt's production of "La Sorcière" at His Majesty's lends considerable interest to the announcement that arrangements have been made by Mr. Charles Frohman for the production of an English version of that play in America, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the principal part. It is a striking testimony to the news-gathering propensities of our kin on the other side of the Atlantic that the fact was known and duly chronicled in the New York papers over three weeks before it was mentioned in England. "La Sorcière" will not be Mrs. Campbell's first experience of a Sardou play or a Bernhardt part, for it cannot be forgotten that, when she was a member of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Company at the Haymarket, she acted in a production of "Fédora," the second of what has been called the "Dora" series of Sardou, which began with "Dora," known to our stage as "Diplomacy," and was continued through "Fédora" to "Théodora," &c.

The announcement that on Friday next Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Patrick Campbell will unite their genius in the production of "Pelléas et Mélisande" in French draws attention to the better endowment and accomplishment of our actors in the matter of foreign languages over their

colleagues on the Continent. With the brilliant exception of Fechter and Madame Modjeska, both of whom spoke English with a marked accent, there have been no particularly eminent foreign actors who have succeeded on the English stage, though Salvini's son, the late Alexander Salvini, achieved a conspicuous position in America, whither, however, he went as a youth.

On the other hand, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has played in French, and could naturally play in German, while Miss Geneviève Ward is no less accomplished, and has sung in opera, if she has not acted in plays, in Italian. In the performance of "L'Aventurière" she once gave, Miss Ward was supported by Mr. Ian Robertson, among other actors. Mr. Lewis Waller, too, can act in French, and Miss Margaret Halstan has been one of the accepted leading ladies of the German Theatre during the last few years, while a similar position could, no doubt, be filled by Miss Mary Moore and Sir Charles Wyndham, both of whom have acted in "David Garrick" in German, as every reader of *The Sketch* is aware.

Many have been the regrets at the fact that, in the long list of Birthday Honours, no recognition was given to the stage, thus falsifying the rumour which has been current that Mr. Beerbohm Tree had been selected by the King for the honour of the accolade, which he himself, in the mimic person of King John, has often had occasion to bestow on Richard Falconbridge. At the worst, it can be but an honour deferred, for Mr. Tree's services to the stage must in time be recognised by the State. In his case, the State is the great body of the public, and its reward has been already given in no niggardly fashion in esteem, in admiration, and even in affectionate regard. In recognition of that reward, Mr. Tree's production of "The Tempest" is certain to be on the most elaborate scale possible, and great will be the interest in his Caliban, which offers far more opportunities to the "character"-actor than does Prospero, though in the old days the latter was always selected by the "star" for his own appearance. Scarcely less interest, too, will be felt in Miss Tree's appearance as Ariel, in which she will have full opportunity for the display of her special qualities as a singer and dancer.

Mr. Raven-Hill, the well known *Punch* artist, recently appeared in yet another rôle. Laying his pencil aside and forgetting for the time his cattle and pigs, he took to the stage, and in a burlesque of "Bluebeard," produced at Devizes by the officers of the Dépôt of the Wiltshire Regiment, he played Sister Anne and made a most attractive "Circassian Beauty." Next Saturday (July 2) an exhibition of Mr. Raven-Hill's drawings for *Punch* will be opened at the Leicester Galleries in Leicester Square, and for a fortnight the genial artist's many admirers will have an opportunity of inspecting his work.

To the list of novelists turned playwright must now be added the name of "Rita," who, in collaboration with an actor friend, has turned her very successful novel, "Peg the Rake," into a play, which will probably be seen on the stage in due course.



MR. RAVEN-HILL, THE WELL-KNOWN  
"PUNCH" ARTIST.

Photograph by Fred Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.



MR. RAVEN-HILL AS SISTER ANNE IN A BURLESQUE OF  
"BLUEBEARD," AS PLAYED BY THE WILTSHIRE REGIMENT.

# KEY-NOTES

THE musical event of the week has been the first production in London of Saint-Saëns' opera, "Hélène," given at Covent Garden on the 20th inst. It is a work brilliant in a sense; what there is remains of a dazzling but superficial character, and there is really very little originality in its pages. The story, in brief, is nothing more than that of Helen and Paris transformed into a love-allegory. The libretto is also from Saint-Saëns' pen, and it is daintily and prettily written. The score is neatly arranged, but there is very little real inspiration in the opera, although, without doubt, the last part of the work has some really well-written pages. Madame Melba took the part of Hélène, and she sang with even more than her usual fervour, and withal vocal beauty, though the composer has provided her with what may sincerely be called an ungrateful part. Nevertheless, her wonderful phrasing surmounted every difficulty, and she did everything with that part that was possible. Miss E. Parkina took the part of Vénus, and was quite excellent in every respect, while Madame Kirkby Lunn, who has taken immense strides in her art of late, both acted and sang with great effectiveness. M. Dalmorès as Paris was attractive, and M. Messenger conducted the opera exceedingly well, showing how fully he understood all the points of Saint-Saëns' score. The mounting of the opera was really beautiful, and for it Mr. Harry Brooke had specially painted new scenery. "Hélène" was followed by a performance of "La Navarraise," by Massenet, the part of Anita being taken by Madame de Nuovina, and the lesser characters by M. Gilibert, M. Dalmorès, and M. Journet, who all lent valuable assistance to the production.

The Wagner operas are now finished for this season at Covent Garden. Dr. Richter, who had a most enthusiastic greeting on Saturday (18th inst.) after the performance of "Tristan und Isolde," has left for Bayreuth to conduct the Wagnerian cycles in that chosen and famous town. Next season we are promised a performance of the "Ring" under this famous conductor, to which all music-lovers will look forward with keen interest.

The Moody-Manners Opera Company gave a very fine performance of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" recently at Drury Lane Theatre. This is one of Wagner's most difficult operas to perform, for it depends entirely upon the very few principal artists for a good interpretation; the slightest breakdown in the story gives a fatal opportunity to any man present with a sense of humour. Madame Fanny Moody in the part of Senta was remarkably good; she sang with a keen appreciation of the sentiment of the music and with that deep sense of emotion in which at times we have found this fine artist somewhat wanting. She was altogether admirable. Mr. William Dever as the Dutchman sang and acted admirably; he was not over-sentimental, and, to our thinking, he must have conceived Wagner's idea of the part quite as it should have been supposed to be taken. In the part of Daland, Mr. Charles Magrath was quite capital, and the chorus and orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Richard Eckhold, were very fine.

Madame Rosa Olitzka gave a most interesting vocal recital at the Bechstein Hall a few evenings ago, and she sang with a full appreciation of the various composers which she had chosen for the occasion. Perhaps she was at her best in her interpretation of Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht," one of the most lovely songs which this composer ever gave to the

world. This singer has a very wide outlook upon music, and in songs by Humperdinck, Grieg, and Franz she proved herself to be thoroughly in touch with each composer of her choice. In Grieg's "Verborgene Liebe" she was especially successful and thoroughly deserved the applause which greeted her, for, indeed, her vocal accomplishment and deep sentiment are combinations which are rare enough in these days. She also sang Mr. Arthur Hervey's very beautiful song, "Das alte Lied." It is a song with a peculiar sense of delicacy and a full thought for musical beauty. Mr. J. Kolni Balozki played two solos on the violoncello, Schumann's "Abendlied" and Popper's "Ungarische Rhapsodie."

Mr. Edwin Lemare, formerly organist of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and now holding an appointment at the Carnegie Institution, Pittsburg, is in England, and was announced to give a recital at St. Margaret's on Saturday afternoon at five o'clock. Since he left London, Mr. Lemare has toured the United States with immense success.

Prior to her departure for America, Madame Ella Russell gave a very successful concert at the St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon—a concert which attracted a large and enthusiastic audience. Madame Russell was in splendid voice, and therefore sang remarkably well. The most important feature of the afternoon was the singing of Mr. Landon Ronald's Scena, "Adonais"; the music is admirably written and was sung by Madame Russell with great dramatic fervour. M. Louis and Madame Suzanne Rée contributed some pianoforte duets, and the Hungarian Gipsy violinist (announced on the programme as "Karcsey") made his first appearance in England. Madame Hélène Valma and Miss Marianne Metcalfe also contributed songs, and the concert, on the whole, was remarkably successful.

Madame Calvé was to make her reappearance at Covent Garden last week—of course, in the part of Carmen; while Miss Agnes Nicholls was to take the part of Michaela on the same occasion. Miss Nicholls sang in a performance of "Hänsel and Gretel" given a few years ago at the Opera House, since which time she has devoted herself entirely to concert and oratorio work. Miss Nicholls's lyric work will be observed with much interest, inasmuch as she is an artist possessing a very fine voice and has a musical appreciation of the finest order of the work she undertakes to interpret.

COMMON CHORD.

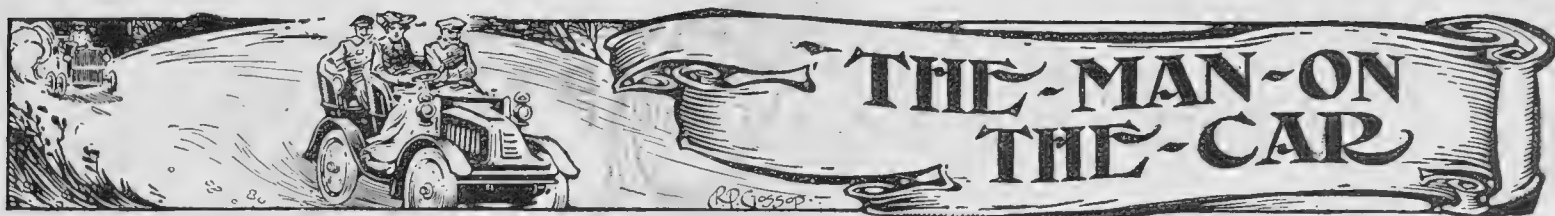
The Musical Prodigy is always with us, and, as a general rule, the critics do not regard him with much favour. Franz von Vecsey, however, is the exception, for this little lad of eleven has won the hearts of all music-lovers and is especially the idol of the ladies. His violin-playing created a veritable sensation in London on his début in the first week of May, and since then he has added to his triumphs. Next Saturday (July 2) at Queen's Hall he will make his first appearance with orchestra and last appearance in London this season. It is said that little Franz is the child of well-to-do parents, so it may be hoped that he will not be worked too hard. When performing or practising on his beloved instrument the boy's whole soul is absorbed in the music, but at other times he is an unspoiled child, full of fun and fond of play—and sweets. His American tour, beginning next January, will doubtless be a great success, and if he returns unspoiled Franz von Vecsey will be a prodigy indeed.



FRANZ VON VECSEY, THE CELEBRATED BOY VIOLINIST.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.





*The Great Race—Théry and Jenatzy—"Small Car Trials"—British and Foreign Tyres—Argyll Cars—Captain Skeffington Smyth.*

HAVING time for reflection, and considering the whole matter by the light of later advices, there can exist no doubt whatsoever that the best car, blessed with the best luck, won the Gordon Bennett race of 1904. The Mors people, when they contemplate the success of Théry and his car both in the French Eliminating Trials and the great race itself, must hold themselves accursed that they ever relinquished the services of that talented automobile engineer, M. Brasier. But, in reviewing such events and the results of such events as the Gordon Bennett race, one must never lose sight of the influence exerted by what may be termed the devil's own luck. It came to Jenatzy last year, it smiled upon Théry this. To travel for three hundred and forty-eight miles over so trying a course as was that of the 17th inst. in the Taunus without a tyre mishap or failure of organisation anywhere is very largely a matter of luck. Had Girling, who drove a Wolseley, the same good-fortune, he would have come very near winning, as would Edge last year had his luck and speed of the first circuit of the Irish course held to the end.

What is so remarkable in Théry's race is the extraordinary regularity with which he made the four circuits of a most trying course. Not only does such regularity stamp the mechanical entity as excellent in the extreme, but it similarly stamps Théry as one of the best, coolest, and most skilful drivers of racing automobiles who ever sat behind a wheel. His first circuit was performed in 1 hour 26 min. 57 sec., as against Jenatzy's 1 hour 28 min. 33 sec.; his second in 1 hour 26 min. 46 sec., or 11 sec. faster than his first, as against Jenatzy's 1 hour 26 min. 56 sec.; his third, 1 hour 29 min. 57 sec. (this was the circuit in which he replenished petrol, water, and oil tanks), as against 1 hour 37 min. 46 sec.; while his fourth and last circuit was covered in 1 hour 26 min. 23 sec., as against Jenatzy's 1 hour 28 min. 13½ sec. Thus Théry's second circuit was 11 sec. faster than his first, and his fourth round 23 sec. faster than his second and 34 sec. faster than his first rounds. It is said, though I know not with what truth, that Jenatzy lost over six minutes by the mal-organisation of his replenishing arrangements in his third circuit; but, even giving him this, Théry would still have beaten him by some five minutes odd. In the matter of organisation, our German friends had not only profited by our Irish example, but had improved very considerably upon it. The whole thing went without hitch from start to finish, while from beginning to end there was no semblance of an accident.

If, now, I may be pardoned for the remark, let us turn from the sublime to what, by comparison, may appear the ridiculous—at least, to some folks—that is, from the contemplation of the Gordon Bennett giants and their deeds to the consideration of the Automobile Club's "Small Car Trials, 1904." These, I trow, when they are in course and when the results and awards come to be known, will interest a far larger public than ever did the Gordon Bennett race. The cars will be entered under four heads—Class A, not exceeding £125; Class B, exceeding £125 but not exceeding £150; Class C, exceeding £150 but not exceeding £175; Class D, exceeding £175 but not exceeding £200. Thus will the man of moderate means be most profusely catered for. The total number of miles to constitute the trial will consist of twelve non-stop runs of, approximately, fifty miles each; fifty miles being covered in the morning and fifty in the afternoon, so that the

trials will cover a week, and will be made from Hereford as a centre. A timed hill-climb will take place on every day of the trial, so that the little vehicles will be subjected to a thorough and searching test.

No man is a prophet in his own country, and equally it may be said that no native tyre-manufacturer appears yet to have supplanted a certain trans-Channel firm in the estimation of a very large majority of British automobilists. And yet what utter nonsense this is; what utter nonsense, from information and experience, I know it to be! Why, I have a 20 horse-power car in mind to the two steering-wheels and off-side driving-wheel of which tyres by the leading French maker were fitted. To the near-side driving-wheel—the wheel, mark you, that gets all the kicks and few of the ha'pence—was fitted a "Clincher" tyre by the North British Rubber Company. The owner of the car but just suffered the fitting of this single tyre, remarking that by results the

English rubber people would, perhaps, realise in time shorter than they imagined their presumption in supposing they could even approach the French house in perfection of manufacture. But list the sequel! That car has been driven some seven to eight thousand miles, the three foreign tyres have been re-treaded and are again so much worn that they near their end, while the much-contemned Britisher, though certainly showing signs of hard service, looks good enough for another two thousand five hundred miles.

I learn that the North British Rubber Company have received orders to fit the wheels of the King's Daimler car with "Clincher-Michelin" tyres, a testimony of worth, for His Majesty's Daimler car is an over-hefty vehicle and must be "crool 'ard" on tyres

It is worthy of note that in the late Glasgow to London Non-Stop Trial promoted by the Scottish Automobile Club, a car fitted with "Clincher-Michelin" tyres obtained the only gold medal in Class B, while all the cars so fitted came through the arduous run without troubles. The "Clincher" and "Clincher-Michelin" tyres can be obtained only of the North British Rubber Company, or their various warehouse dépôts or agencies.

There is no car of British manufacture in the design and construction of which such rapid progress has been made as in the Argyll cars, produced by the Hozier Engineering Company, of Bridgeton, Glasgow. This fact has been most conclusively brought home to the writer by a long run he lately enjoyed in a four-cylinder 16-20 horse-power Argyll, and comparing that perfectly finished machine with one of the original Argylls he owned some years ago. Contemplative purchasers, particularly those who interest themselves in the "innards" of self-propelled vehicles, should write to the above-named Company for a copy of their catalogue, in which the whole scheme of construction and the conduct and care of Argyll cars is laid bare by text and splendidly produced diagrams.

To-morrow week (July 7) the marriage of Miss Violet Monckton and Captain Skeffington Smyth will bring together a great gathering of smart folk at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, for the bride is one of the most popular of youthful heiresses, as well as the only daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Galway. Both Miss Monckton and her fiancé are enthusiastic motorists.



CAPTAIN SKEFFINGTON SMYTH, WHO IS TO BE MARRIED TO THE HON. VIOLET MONCKTON ON JULY 7.

*Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.*

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Goodwood—The July Meeting—Long-Distance Races—Quick Results—Apprentices.*

THE Duke of Richmond and Gordon has issued invitations for a Press View of the new Goodwood Stands, to take place on July 4, when we shall know all about the improvements and alterations. I am told that everything is nigh to completion, and by the time the race-meeting is held all will be in readiness to receive a record company. There has, I believe, been a lot of hauling up the adjacent hills by traction-engines and horse-power, and I do hope the roads will be put into a perfect state of repair before July 26, when racing commences. The road leading to Trudder Hill is often macadamised on the eve of the race-meeting. True, it makes the going harder on the upward journey, but it helps to prevent accidents on the home-coming, and the idea on that account alone is one to be encouraged. Now that the King is to stay at Goodwood House, I do think His Grace the Duke of Richmond might allow all conveyances of whatever description—of course, other than vans and waggons—to go through the Park on the upward journey. Under existing regulations, brakes and char-à-bancs are barred.

By the laws of contraries, the Newmarket First July Meeting opens in June, just as the First October Meeting is commenced in September; but racegoers do not stand on ceremony, and you may call a meeting by any name so long as it is not postponed or abandoned. The First July fixture is one of the pleasantest held at the headquarters of the Turf; that is, when thunder-storms are not in evidence. The course behind the ditch is a miniature Goodwood, and the Plantation is a popular resort when the thermometer registers ninety degrees in the shade. Unfortunately, the King is not present at Newmarket this week, and the function, from a Society point of view, will suffer accordingly, but the sport will be tip-top, and many of the winners will take a lot of finding. The Princess of Wales's Stakes is the chief dish of the fixture, but I am afraid it will turn out to be a regular one-horse affair, as it looks on paper a mere exercise-canter for Rock Sand, who showed us at Ascot that he was at the top of his form. Lavengro has changed hands and is now entitled to run. This horse has been under

suspicion for some time, but it will surprise many to hear that, as a two-year-old, he was considered to be a lot better than Sceptre.

There are signs that long-distance races are at last becoming popular with owners. The big fields for the Ascot Stakes and the Northumberland Plate showed that some trainers, at least, could prepare animals to contest two miles and upwards. The season, by-the-bye, has been all in favour of long-distance races, but I suggest that, to make these events popular, several races of from one and a-half to two and a-quarter miles should be contested in the October and November months, when the going would naturally be soft. Objection may be taken on the score that horses could not be properly prepared for the events, but on the chalk hills of Wilts, Berks, Hants, and Sussex, at any rate, long work could be safely indulged in the whole summer through; indeed, the late William Goater and the late Alec Taylor often gave their horses three-mile sweating work in the June and July months with a view to the long-distance races at Goodwood. The French trainers prepare three-milers and four-milers when the sun is at his strongest. Why should not our trainers do the same?

Notwithstanding that the racecourse authorities have disallowed the use of wireless telegraphy, &c., quick results are sent to the London Clubs and the newspapers, and, on occasion, the heavy, antediluvian machinery of the "G. P. O." is beaten by ten or twelve minutes. The tape-machines invariably beat St. Martin's-le-Grand, and yet it would hardly be credited that the Post Office could keep out all opposition by sending off results instantaneously. Red tape in this matter is, I am told, so backwardising that it is possible to get winners from Manchester back to London before the direct London messages have been received. I am told, and I believe, the special telegraph staff on the course work well, but there is some need for improvement in the "T. S." department in London. Anyway, it seems hard that private Companies have to expend sometimes twelve pounds and fifteen pounds per day in buying news that should come to them quicker through the ordinary channels and without any extra expenditure.

Some of our apprentice jockeys could be relied upon to hold their own against the weather-beaten Knights of the Pigskin, but many of the tiny mites get easily frightened, and when an old hand shouts "Get out of the way!" an inexperienced boy will as often as not pull out and let his opponent up on the inside, thinking, perhaps, that he is doing no more than his duty. I have told before, but it will bear repeating, how I once put up an apprentice and told him to come right away directly the white flag fell. He did, but had not gone twenty yards before some older jockey behind him shouted, "No start! Come back!" and the poor, frightened lad pulled his horse short up, only to come in with the crowd. Such a thing as I have related would not be possible under the gate nowadays. Indeed, the apprentice of to-day is a smarter boy altogether than those employed a decade back.

CAPTAIN COE.



IN PRIVATE LIFE: DR. W. G. GRACE.

Photograph by W. R. Carter, Wandsworth.



IN PRIVATE LIFE: MORNINGTON CANNON.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

TO compensate for the somewhat staleing gaieties of the far-advanced Season come the additional excitements of sale-time in July, when furbishing, renovating, and overhauling wardrobes for autumn campaigns become the pregnant business of the day. Peter Robinson's have taken Time by that venerable worthy's much-used forelock this Season, and announced their half-yearly holocaust

check or wool tartans at three guineas which would so usefully and economically carry one over autumnal ices. These frocks, which are finished even to the linen collar and silk tie, are alone worth a visit to 252, Regent Street.

Perhaps the most important, as it certainly is the most artistic, exhibit ever shown at Earl's Court is that from the Palazzo Borghese, Rome, of which Signor Sangiorgi is the proprietor and for which Messrs. Norman and Stacey, of Tottenham Court Road, are the sole agents in Great Britain. Masterpieces of ancient art—Flemish, French, Italian, but chiefly the latter—have been reproduced by the first craftsmen in Italy and sent over for the purposes of this Exhibition. Apart altogether from copies of the antique, Sangiorgi and his artists specialise in original conceptions, so that the results of assiduous study and innate talent may be also viewed side by side with the great works of the immortals.

Connoisseurs will view with delight the furniture and wood-carving, marble and stone sculptures, bronzes, hand-wrought ironwork, damasks, silk stuffs, and embroideries which go to make up this unique collection. When it is added that the embroideries alone are insured for nearly forty thousand pounds, some idea may be had of its value. Nor can any description convey an idea of the magnificent productions, which it would take weeks to investigate as their merits deserve. A catalogue issued by Messrs. Norman and Stacey illustrates some fine examples of furniture in the polychrome Renaissance style—splendid cabinets after Botticelli and marbles from the antique. But every lover of the beautiful should make a point of visiting the Sangiorgi Collection and see for himself what Norman and Stacey's enterprise has achieved in bringing such artistic riches to this country. Artists will find a liberal education in this part of Earl's Court, and collectors may spend happy hours with prospective purchases. Special show-rooms are in preparation to receive examples of furniture, sculpture, &c., at the Exhibition, where catalogues can be had and arrangements made for the export from Rome of any desired



[Copyright.]

A SPOTTED MUSLIN IN BLUE AND WHITE.

of clothes from last Monday (27th) instead of the following. This sale, which lasts throughout July, is full of mouth-watering temptations and possibilities to the huntress of bargains and should be visited forthwith.

There are, for instance, smart black skirts of taffetas glacé, quite in the newest mode, for fifty shillings, with bodice-pieces to match; linen and crash costumes at less than half-price, which are so useful for seaside wear; travelling-wraps, like the "Oban" and "Inverness," without which useful form of garment no journey is completely equipped, and which are again reduced to nearly half former values. To anyone contemplating an investment in good furs, the present is decidedly an opportunity to be used, as Peter Robinson's have so wide a choice, from the most costly to the least expensive, and all are immensely reduced. Handsome blouses of extreme elaboration in lace and silk, like the "Kitty," are marked down to a mere modest 25s. 6d. Charming, dainty lingerie, much of it genuinely French, lies piled in sacrificial heaps. And at Peter Robinson's Regent Street house quite a distinct "assortment" of equally indubitable occasions, as our Parisian friends have it, are offered for consideration. Real ostrich and marabout feather stoles, diaphanous gowns of gauze and chiffon, airy-fairy frocks of muslin and lawn, which, as the catalogue emphatically puts it, "must be cleared," sunshades and parasols in all varieties of frothy frivolity unutterably cheapened, and a million other matters of moment and monetary effacement "too numerous," like the wedding-present list in modern marriages, to mention. In a last fond word let me include the *chic* and cheap little costumes in black-and-white



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING WHITE CANVAS FROCK.



*objets d'art.* Similar advantages are also open to the public at Norman and Stacey's warehouse at the Oxford Street end of Tottenham Court Road—a firm which is admittedly first in all matters of artistic culture, while paying close attention to the necessary virtues of moderation in price and excellence in workmanship.

A feast of music and a flow of excellent tea in combination is now available at the Great Central Hotel, where on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays an "hour of music" is announced, from half-past four to half-past five, at which specially engaged artists discourse sweet sounds and to which the general public is admitted as well as hotel visitors. This departure is sure to be availed of by many who well enjoy having tea in such a charming environment as the Great Central Lounge at all times presents.

The necessary humble boot plays an indispensable if unostentatious part in our completed altogether, and it will therefore be of interest to many that the American Shoe Company, Regent Street, announces a summer sale, beginning July 4, at which very great reductions in price will be made on all boots and shoes in the establishment. A sale catalogue is issued, which will be found useful by country folk, and it is to be noted that on all articles not included in this sale booklet two shillings a pair will be allowed. Some very smart patent shoes are marked down from twenty-eight shillings to a guinea, and strong, well-shaped walking-shoes are obtainable at 15s. 9d. that are usually twenty-one shillings, and other bargains variously, both for men as well as the eternally purchasing eternal feminine.

SYBIL.



AN ELABORATE TRAVELLING-CASE BY MESSRS. DREW AND SONS.

Messrs. Drew and Sons were recently entrusted with an order from a well-known member of the French nobility to prepare one of the finest and most elaborate travelling-cases ever manufactured in this country. The case and fittings are in the best crocodile of a natural golden colour, and the toilet-fittings in the finest 18-carat gold, very lightly hammered. Brushes, powder-cases, manicure-sets, &c., are in exquisite tortoiseshell, and every article in the case is mounted with a French coronet in solid fine gold. The entire case and fittings were designed and carried out at Drew and Sons' London factory.

The Freedom of the City of London, which is to be presented to Lord Curzon of Kedleston, will be contained in a gold casket, the order for which has been entrusted by the Corporation to the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, W., whose design was selected in open competition. This Company has also been commissioned by the Borough of Derby to produce a fine silver-gilt casket to contain the Freedom of that Borough, which is to be conferred on Lord Curzon on the occasion of his forthcoming visit to the town.

The Prince of Wales.



THE 146TH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL DINNER OF THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL, HELD AT THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE, JUNE 22, THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE CHAIR. SIR HORACE MARSHALL (HON. TREASURER) IS ON THE LEFT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

Photograph by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

## TWO RUSSIAN GENERALS.

The officers who will command the fifth and sixth Siberian Army Corps, which are now being raised and hurried to the front, are Generals Dembovski and Sobolef. The former is sixty-five years of age, and joined the Staff in 1871, and his chief posts have been the command of the regiment of St. Petersburg Grenadiers, and head of the Paul Military School. He has seen little or no active service, and since 1902 has been attached to the War Office at St. Petersburg. General Sobolef is an artillery officer, and, after serving in Central Asia, went through the war of 1877, and was then sent to organise the Bulgarian Army. In 1891 he became Chief of the Staff at Wilna, and four years later was removed to Moscow, where he has been ever since. He is sixty years of age, and has the reputation of being a skilful organiser.

To assist the holiday-maker in the choice of a place at which to spend his summer holiday, the London and South-Western Railway Company have issued a new edition of their "Illustrated Guide and Official List of Hotels, Boarding Houses, Seaside, and Farmhouse Apartments," fifty thousand copies of which are to be distributed free. The new issue has been enlarged and considerably improved, is printed on art-paper, and contains over one

hundred illustrations. Golfers will appreciate the list of nearly a hundred links from which to make a selection, full particulars as to number of holes, green-fees, &c., being given.

The Union Jack Club, the foundation-stone of which will be laid by the Prince of Wales next month, has been presented by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts with a complete billiard-table.

Messrs. Elliman, Sons, and Co., of Embrocation fame, have just issued a second large edition of the "R.E.P. Book," a work which should find a place in every home. Parents, school-mistresses, nurses, travellers, athletes, and others will find it invaluable, since it contains a variety of useful information on first-aid treatment, illustrated by numerous diagrams. "R.E.P." signifies that "Rubbing Eases Pain," but another apt interpretation might well be, "Read Elliman's Publication."

Numerous additions and improvements in the train service on the London and North-Western Railway are announced for the summer months, including many additional corridor-trains, with luncheon and refreshment cars, as well as sleeping-saloon expresses between Euston, the North, and Scotland, and accelerated train and boat services between Ireland and England. A notable feature in the Company's arrangements is the inauguration from the 1st July, in conjunction with the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company, of a new direct service between Liverpool and Brighton, the journey in through carriages being performed in six hours.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 12.*

## THE NEW ACCOUNT.

NOW that we have cleared away the dreary Nineteen-day Account there may be some hope of improvement, but except in Americans, which our friends across the Atlantic have been supporting with some freedom, and Foreigners, which Continental buying and peace rumours have helped, the markets can only be



BRITISH COLUMBIAN MINING: LE ROI NO. 2 COMPANY'S MILL,  
ELMORE OIL-PROCESS, ROSSLAND.

described as "idle and profitless." That the Westralian Market could go on without its usual scandal was, of course, most unlikely, and we have been treated to a revival of the Boulder Perseverance affair with increased intensity. As the Manager is sending his explanation, it is hardly fair to express a decided opinion, but the curious thing about these Westralian incidents is that the bears are always right; as correct now as in the palmy days of the defunct London and Globe, when the fight was bitterest between Mr. Whitaker Wright and his one-time employé, Mr. Charles Kaufman.

Rhodesians, too, have been very flat, with Chartered well below 2. None of our readers can be sufferers from the slump here, for we have for years expressed our grave doubts of Rhodesia and all its works, until, in fact, some correspondents have accused us of want of patriotism because, forsooth, we could not see our way to advise the investment of money in a country of the mining future of which we had, on the best authority, the poorest opinion.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

This week we give a view of the Elmore oil-process plant as worked on the Le Roi No. 2 at Rossland. This process is employed for the treatment of siliceous ores of low grade containing copper and gold. With a large plant, the cost is said to be about a dollar and a-quarter a ton, and the success of the treatment is based on the faculty of oil for catching up and retaining fine particles of sulphides and of free gold. Our other illustration is of the Alabama claim in the Cariboo District. Here the work, in the shape of hydraulic mining, is carried on for a very short season, dependent for its length on the water-supply, but has contributed largely to the gold production of the district.

## AMERICAN ACTIVITY.

It is awfully hard to resist the temptation to laugh at certain tipsters who have been running down the Yankee Market for all they were worth in the past few months: harder still not to brag about having taken a view ourselves which happens to have turned out more accurately. But both snares we decline, and will keep rigidly to the business immediately on hand, which is to "find a wye," like Sentimental Tommy, that shall guide speculation still further. We admit it costs a sigh of martyrdom not to brag about the success of our tips to buy Yankees, journalistic nature being in many ways akin to human, and we must also confess that the immediate outlook is not a little puzzling. It would be so much safer to say nothing about the market at all, that we feel inclined to follow the negative, if cowardly, course. However, we have gone to the pains of collecting market opinions in the Stock Exchange, and find that the general view coincides with our own, that, although there may be a reaction or two, the Yankee prices are going better, election or no election. One of the most strongly-tipped shares in the market is Steel Preferred, which is said to be on the point of adding considerably more to its rise. We need scarcely say that Steel Prefs. are what the colloquial call "hot stuff," and it needs cool hands and plenty of capital to dabble in them. The average speculator will probably do better to confine himself to Atchisons, Unions, and Southern Pacifics, and, as a final word of advice, we would most impressively urge the importance of not being greedy in the matter of profits.

## ARGENTINE RAILS.

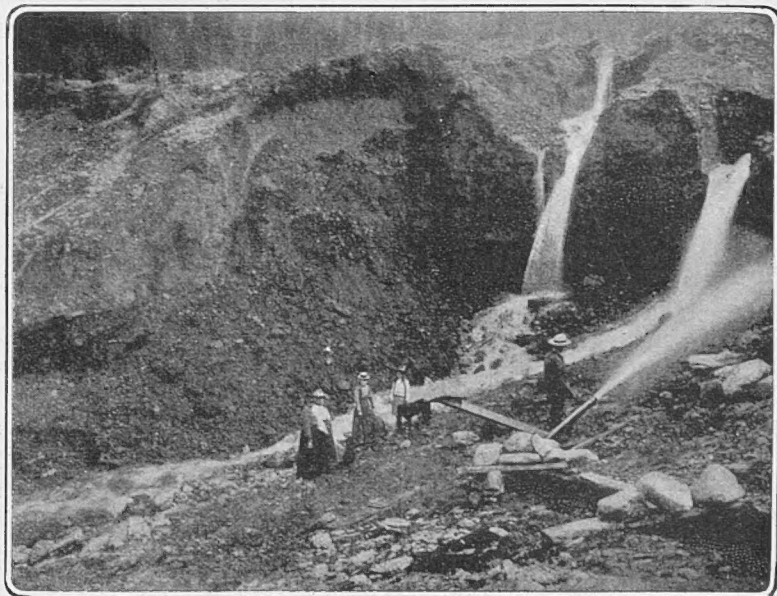
In company with the rest of the Stock Exchange, the Argentine Railway Market is suffering from a falling-away of business, and its prices reflect the restraint of new buyers to take the place of some of the present holders, who are getting tired of their stock because of the listlessness of quotations. After the bumper traffics of six to twelve months ago, the investor and speculator are inclined to glance coldly upon the less brilliant takes now being reported, apparently overlooking the fact that these receipts compare with the splendid figures of the previous period and are an improvement upon them. Buenos Ayres and Rosario has drooped by reason of selling by those tired bulls already alluded to, but the traffics are quite good enough to encourage the hope that the Ordinary stock will soon be receiving 6 per cent. Buenos Ayres and Pacific is a more difficult stock to gauge the immediate future of, and in one sense it is more speculative even than Rosario Ordinary; but one stock will naturally move in concert with the other, and we should say that the next revival will come in the autumn, with the dividends to help a fresh upward movement. Considerable interest is taken in the possible distribution that may fall to Cordoba and Rosario 6 per cent. Preferred stock, and a payment of £3 per cent. in cash is considered probable, in view of the strides that the Company's traffics have made. Nothing has been paid on the stock for over ten years, and now there is, of course, a scheme on foot which, if the necessary Act of Parliament can be obtained, will enable the Company to pay the arrears in Second Debenture stock. In the most favourable circumstances, it is not thought that the Act will pass for nearly a year, and much may happen in that time to alter the complexion of Argentine Railway matters. The stock seems well worth holding as a speculative investment, and the same opinion is applicable to the other descriptions in this department. Just now the business of completing the harvest in the Republic is in progress, and the market has not begun to discount the prospects of the next one. The outlook, however, is sufficiently bright for the railways to justify the speculative investor putting capital into stocks that can still be bought to yield a good rate of interest.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

## The Stock Exchange.

In these summer days, why should not the Managers of the Stock Exchange allow us to use the roof for dealing purposes? There are difficulties, I admit, in the way of giving practical effect to such a proposition. There's the dome of the Kaffir Circus, in the first place, and, of course, a good deal of ingenuity would be required to get enough space under a single awning for the requirements of the various markets. But a Roof Stock Exchange in warm weather, with a bar and smoking-lounge, would, at least, tend to make life less unliveable than it is in the hot, stuffy, and tiring House to-day. One rather envies those enterprising American brokers who opened an evening Exchange in New York long years ago, which Exchange threatened to grow so formidable that the Wall Street Committee had to forbid their own members to deal there. Three hours in the evening would be quite sufficient to polish off all the actual dealings that take place every day, but in this case I am fain to confess that the obstacles to be surmounted in organising such a change are really insuperable. Wherefore let us dismiss such idle speculations from our minds and pass to the more serious business of investment.

That people should be getting somewhat disgusted with the Home Railway Market is perfectly natural. At this season of the year the prices should be rising in discount of dividend declarations, and the slightly harder tone of the money market at the end of the half-year is so easily explained as a temporary influence that it should really matter not at all. Yet Home Rails are glumly dull, and refuse to cheer up, in spite of the brilliant sunshine of June's better half. Had the weather been pouring wet, what would prices have gone to then, if they are weak in present circumstances? The only explanation for the lack of public support which is causing the easiness in prices is the familiar one of greater attractions elsewhere. Some of the Companies may be able to screw out an extra dividend this half-year, but, until people can see for themselves what is going to be done, they prefer to use their spare cash in some of the newer Loans that look so cheap, and the prices of which may, it is argued, go to the same kind of premiums as those now established upon the new Irish, London County, India, and other recently-issued stocks. Stags who have applied for the greater part of the last lot of popular issues can congratulate themselves upon, having done remarkably well. I know of one waiter at least who has



BRITISH COLUMBIAN MINING: ALABAMA CLAIM, MOSQUITO CREEK,  
NEAR BARKERVILLE.



made a very snug little sum by applying for such stocks, taking a couple of pounds profit here or fifty shillings there upon small allotments, and all the while keeping religiously within the bounds which would enable him to take up for investment any stock he might be landed with and which he could not sell at a premium. The danger of such dealing lies, it need hardly be said, in the temptation which a man feels to go beyond his means, but, so long as the stag can trust himself not to venture out of his depth, he can play this game with good chances of success in days when the public are taking new issues and the market for best-class stocks is healthily active. It's a better game than gambling in Westralians, at any rate, and more profitable than trying to make money out of Kaffirs on the bull-tack.

Apocryphal of investments, the recent rise in Water stocks fully bears out all that has been said in these pages of the attractions of these securities. After they were recommended for purchase, there was a sharp break in prices consequent upon some of the findings of the Court of Arbitration, but the last week or two has not only restored quotations to the level at which the stocks stood when they were suggested as good investments, but in several cases has put a handsome profit to the credit of the proprietors. The introduction of the Water Board stock to the market at a premium of over 2 points—the price as I write is 93½—has induced more or less speculative buying of Water Company descriptions, and, to all appearance, the prices are going considerably better yet. Nevertheless, the holders might do well to prudently take some part of their profit, since the market is unstable as water, and, when prices fall, they move by 5 points at a time—not by fractions of a pound.

To quote a dealer in the Kaffir Circus, there are worse things than a plague of strawberi-berry, and it seems a pity that the coolies did not get our kind rather than their own, in which the first syllable is missing. One cannot help an odd feeling of sorrow for the poor beggars who, with their feet upon the soil of what to them was to prove an Eldorado, are ruthlessly smitten by this horrible disease and die without having handled their first month's wages. From all accounts, it is just as difficult to get the coolies up to the scratch as it is to induce the public to take any active interest in South Africans. In either case, it is difficult to find real cause for calling names; the coolie, if he has any feelings at all, must recognise that it is very much of a toss-up as to whether he ever sees his native land again, and the public have a strong instinct that if they buy Kaffir shares they are merely relieving the big houses that are loaded up with stock and running a very possible risk of seeing the value of their purchase decline before an improvement can be looked for. I must repeat my firm conviction that shares like Rand Mines, Modders, Gold Fields, and East Rands are still absurdly overpriced, and in the long run the actual intrinsic merits of a Company will most assuredly come out in the price of its shares. It is better to hold Gold Trust than Gold Fields, Randfontein than East Rand, and Geduld than Modders. But the market as a whole looks as though it were doomed to a quiet July, and although the rise may come in the night—this is not a tip to buy Witwatersrand Goldmining shares—even your pronounced optimist confesses with a sorrowful headshake that the betting is not in its favour.

Fortunately for itself, the Mexican Railway Market has gradually drawn investors to its First Preference, and much of the late buying has been on behalf of people who are paying for their stock this time. Taking a careful estimate, you will find by working out the problem that the line is now earning sufficient to pay 6 to 6½ per cent. upon the First Preference. If it should declare the former rate, at 8½ the return to a buyer is 7 per cent. on his money, and, with the prospects which the railway possesses, this ought to be good enough for anyone with money to spare for speculative investment. To lock up, Mexican Seconds look a flourishing gamble, but there isn't a wide enough market to make the stock worth following simply to contango and play with for differences.

Two members were discussing the Chinese labour question in the De Beers Market. "What you must do," said one, emphasising each word, "is, as Dr. Johnson put it, clear your *mind of cant*." The other looked at him without anger, and, quick as thought, replied, "Can't you *mind* your own business?" Then there was an explosion, and the only one who got hurt, as he innocently looked on at the scrimmage, was

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

#### RECONSTRUCTIONS.

It is the fashion among certain of our daily evening papers to violently criticise every mining reconstruction in which the new Company intended to carry on the mine is registered out of the United Kingdom; and, to judge from many of the editors' remarks, the sole intent of such registrations is of a fraudulent nature. We dislike foreign registrations as much as our contemporaries, but, in common fairness to all concerned, it must be admitted that the Companies Act of 1900 has made the practice an absolute necessity. By the present law of this country, you can underwrite any issue which is offered for "public" subscription, but, inasmuch as an offer of the new shares to the shareholders of the old Company is not an offer to the "public," it is impossible to underwrite a reconstruction, so directors are driven to elect between chancing the success of their reconstruction scheme and the only alternative, which is registering in Guernsey, West Australia, or some such place where the same absurd regulation is not in force. We know several cases where foreign registration has only been resorted to with the greatest reluctance, and where the persons connected with the reconstruction have been most unfairly criticised for it. Not only is business driven away from the City by the absurd wording of the eighth clause of the Act, but what was intended to be a protection to the public has turned out most detrimental to the investor's interest, and it is high time that some amendment were introduced.

Saturday, June 25, 1904.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

VERAX.—(1) We do not like the gang. (2) If there is any substance in Egyptian gold-mining, will probably turn out all right. (3) Same as No. 1, but the property is so situated that it might easily turn out trumps. To sink a shaft to 2000 feet is a long job. (4) We have little faith. (5) A poor chance. (6) A better one, but still a chance.

A. A.—Your letter was answered on the 24th inst.

SUNNY JIM.—All the information we have been able to get is in our Note on Argentine Rails this week.

ANGEL.—(1) It is impossible within the limits of an answer to discuss the financial questions you raise. (2) Upon the investment clause in the will you cannot expect the trustees to make more than 3½ per cent. of your money, except upon mortgage, and there they might get 4 per cent. for you.

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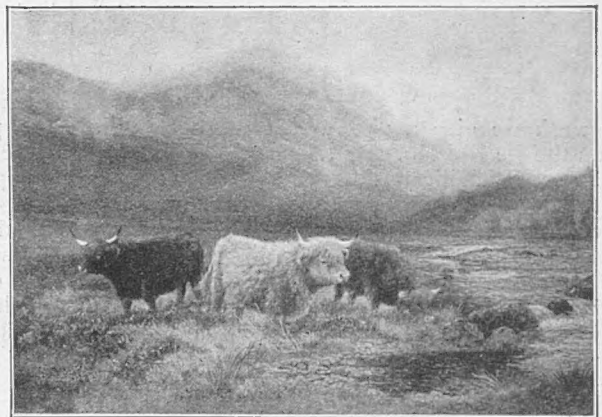


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